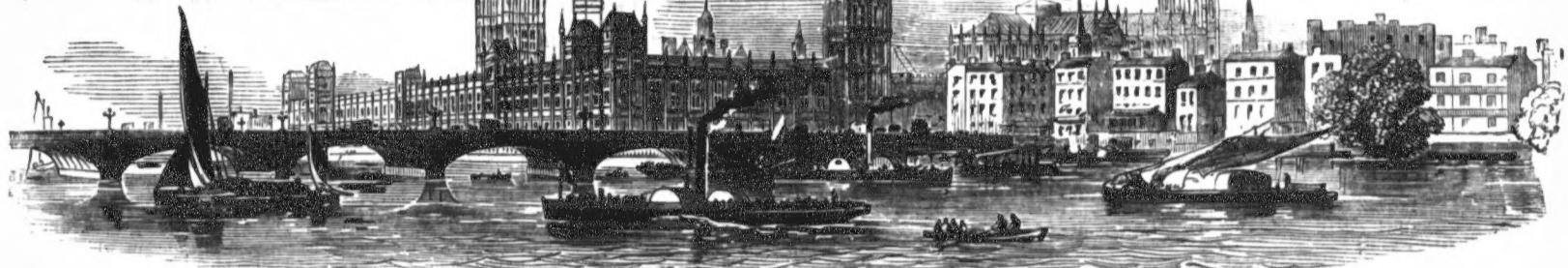


John Dick 3/3 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 59.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE LATE DREADFUL MURDER ON THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY. (See page 99.)

Mr. BRIGGS thrown from the carriage at Duckett's Canal Bridge.—PORTRAIT OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER, FRANZ MULLER (taken from the Photograph in the possession of the Police).—MULLER's late residence, at Old Ford.—Fac-simile of the Watch, Chain, and Box, which furnished the clue.—The "Victoria" at Sea.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening, a private of the 75th Regiment, named Thomas Hutchins, and another private, named George Barlow, were drinking together at a beer-house, called The Duke on Aldershot moor, near the North Camp. Several other soldiers were present, and Hutchins who was of a quarrelsome disposition, became involved in an altercation. Barlow told him to desist, at the same time boasting that he was able to thrash any six of the men. Hutchins resented this boast in an insulting manner, and Barlow cautioned him that he should injure him if he struck. The altercation went on, and Barlow did strike, with one blow felling the other man to the ground, dead. The blow was behind the ear. Barlow was at once arrested, and will be brought up before the justices in petty sessions at Aldershot. The prisoner has hitherto borne a good character in his regiment; he is twenty-seven years of age, and at a late competition in camp with athletic games carried off several prizes. Hutchins was twenty-six years old.

A FIRE broke out on Monday in Sidney-place, Commercial-road East, which was, unfortunately, attended with loss of life. It seems that the Schoolhouse lane fire-engine of the London Brigade, in hastening to the spot, knocked down a deaf and dumb man, in Devonport-street, and the wheel passing over his chest he died shortly afterwards in the London Hospital.

On Sunday night, the Margate, &c., excursion train of the London Chatham and Dover line, on its return to Victoria and Blackfriars, met with an accident, which, although fortunately unattended with fatal results, caused great alarm. Between seven and eight o'clock the train, which consisted of twenty-four carriages, passed the Strood Station and had just reached Strood bank, when from some cause the engine made a jump and left the metal, dragging the whole of the carriages with it. Telegrams were instantly forwarded to the various stations indicating that the line was blocked up. Fresh carriages and engine were procured, and the passengers (none of whom were injured) were, after up to three hours' delay, conveyed to London.

A DASHING SWINDLER.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Charles Camille Comte de Lavalette, aged thirty-five, describing himself as a "gentleman," was indicted for fraudulently obtaining by false pretences from William Claridge, the younger, the sum of £20, the monies of William Claridge, the elder, with intent to defraud; and he was also indicted for attempting by false pretences to obtain from the said William Claridge, the younger, the sum of £30, with intent to defraud. Mr. Orridge prosecuted; the prisoner, who elected to be tried by a jury of Englishmen, was undefended. Mr. Albert interpreted the evidence to the prisoner and also his address to the jury. Mr. Orridge, having briefly detailed the facts of the case, called

Mr. William Claridge, who said: I am son of Mr. Claridge, the proprietor of Claridge's Hotel, in Brook-street. On Thursday, the 20th June, the prisoner came to the hotel, and took apartments. He was addressed as the Duc de Lavalette. He asked me for the loan of £20, as he had not time to go to the Bank. I advanced him a £20-note, and he said that would be useful to him. He afterwards said that he had no small change, and I gave him £1. Nothing more occurred between me and the prisoner during that day. The next day I saw a note from the prisoner, which was brought to me. I have seen the prisoner write and I know that the note produced is in his handwriting. I saw him write a telegraphic despatch which he wished to send to a lady in Paris. The letter was in French, and it was as follows:—

"I beg the master of the hotel to give me £30 until to-morrow morning."

(Signed) "THE DUC DE LAVALETTE"

I saw him afterwards, and he again asked me for the money. I told him he must wait a little while; and he again asked me for the money. I told him that it was usual for foreigners to give some reference. He said he knew Lord Foley, and they went to No. 20, Grosvenor-square. When they got there Lord Foley said he did not know him. They then went to the French embassy, where he and the attaché had a long conversation together, and the attaché gave it as his opinion that there was no Duc de Lavalette. The attaché spoke in French to the prisoner, and frequently contradicted him. In a later part of the day he said he was not the Duc de Lavalette, but the Comte de Lavalette. He asked Lord Foley if he was a colonel, and he said he was not a colonel in the army, but he was in the volunteers. The prisoner asked him, as he was the friend of Colonel Schmidt, who was known to Lord Foley, to become surety for the amount due by him to Mr. Claridge, but Lord Foley declined to do so. The note was shown to him in which he styled himself the Duc de Lavalette, and he said he had been a French naval officer; that he had been to Cambodia, and that he had come back to France with a view of colonizing that country. The prisoner bought a second suit of clothes, but they were afterwards sent out of the hotel by another person. His box was examined, and in it was found only some rubbish and two or three dirty ragged shirts.

Christian Bryer, waiter at Claridge's Hotel, said on the 20th of June the prisoner came to the hotel and engaged a suite of rooms, and spoke of being recommended by Prince Menschikoff and M. Salamanca. He had with him portmanteau, quite new. He attended him at luncheon the first day, and on the second day he had dinner there. He asked witness what right Mr. Claridge had to watch him about. He said afterwards that he was neither the Duc nor Le Comte Lavalette, and was only plain M. Lavalette, but if he had money he could soon make himself Duc de Lavalette, as he was the last of the family.

The prisoner, in his defence, which was in the French language said he was in the French navy, and was engaged in the expedition to Cochinchina. He went to Cambodia, where he was created a mandarin; and seeing the vast resources which that country offered for colonisation he returned to France and laid his views before the Imperial Government. He was presented to the Count de Morny, with whom he had two interviews, and afterwards had an audience with the Emperor at Blerriac. The Count de Morny promised to get him appointed as consul at Cambodia, but, as Siam claimed this kingdom, difficulties arose, and he was not appointed. These difficulties caused him to turn his thoughts towards England. He brought from Cochinchina a fortune of 20,000 francs, but, as he had a prolonged stay in Spain and Paris, his resources became exhausted. He had no fortune of his own, but his mother had one, which, of course, he could not touch, and in this dilemma he applied to a person who promised to assist him in London. This person advanced him 5,000 francs when he went to Paris, and he trusted to her to assist him in London. He arrived in London, and he thought this person would join him with letters of introduction, and amongst them were letters to Lord Palmerston, Lord Foley, and several other persons of eminence, and it was on the strength of these that he went to Claridge's Hotel. He had papers with him, and he engaged a young man to translate them, and he borrowed £20 from Mr. Claridge to pay him.

The Assistant Judge summed up the evidence, and the jury found the prisoner "Guilty."

Mr. Orridge said that Mr. Claridge had just returned from Paris, and he found that the sum of £20 was sent to a woman with whom the prisoner had been living, and as regards the Duc de Lavalette, he had ascertained that there had never been such a title in France.

The Assistant Judge sentenced the prisoner to be impaled and kept to hard labour for nine months.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Press* announces that after the Emperor's visit to the Châlons camp he will go to Baden-Baden, where the Duchess of Hamilton's villa is already being prepared to receive him. The King of Prussia will also be at Baden at the same time.

The *Press* says:—"Our readers have not forgotten that an artillery commission was appointed after the engagement between the Kearsarge and the Alabama to examine the results of that engagement in connexion with the armament of our vessels. This commission, under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Didelet, has just finished its report, which is said to be a very remarkable one. It is asserted that certain parts of the document will not be published on account of their confidential character. It appears that the conclusions of the commission will modify somewhat the system hitherto followed, by leading especially to a fresh armament of our armoured frigates, which are to receive, it is said, guns of a much larger calibre than those they are at present provided with."

ITALY.

The *Pangolo* of Milan makes the following statement:—"An expedition was certainly intended, and the plan, which was to have been executed by a handful of Garibaldians, had been conceived by the general himself. No one yet knows the point on which the attack was to be made, but what is certain is that, after numerous conferences held at Ischia, Garibaldi had fixed for the 14th a meeting of his most intimate friends in order to decide on the final means of action. On the 12th and 13th Naples had within its walls the most popular among the Garibaldian chiefs. On the 12th, however, there also arrived in that city the envoy of a very high personage—of King Victor Emmanuel, it is said—who on the following day had a long interview with the general at the Villa Savoia. What took place is not known in detail, but Garibaldi's supporters were much surprised when he announced to them on the morning of the 14th that he had resolved on returning to Caprera. No further explanation was given, and the meeting broke up immediately after."

AMERICA.

A New York letter says:—"The fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama is generally regarded here, owing possibly to the antecedents of the Alabama, but mainly to the interest and annoyance the result has caused in England, to have been a contest between England and America, and not between the North and South. The Alabama, they say, was built in England, manned by Englishmen armed with English guns, and supplied with English coal and powder, and most Englishmen were as much disappointed by her defeat as if she bore the Union Jack instead of the 'stars and bars.' The *New York Times* says:—"The English feel in their hearts as if the conflict was their own. It was fought with an English-built vessel, with English guns and English powder, and an English crew. Semmes openly declared that his best men were trained on board an English man-of-war, the Excellent—and to have a vessel thus built, and thus manned and equipped, so easily destroyed by an American vessel, with so little injury to herself, touches the old sore spot, the first blow upon which was struck when the flag of the *Guerrilla* came down. We can well afford to let their vexation work itself off in aviations to Semmes, and rejoicing over his escape in an English vessel. We doubt, however, whether it will amount to enough to procure him another ship."

In a recent speech at New York, "Parson" Brownlow, a representative of war Christian, gave utterance to the following sentiments:—"If I had the power, sir, I would arm and uniform in the Federal habitments every wolf and panther, and catamount, and tiger, and bear on the mountains of America; every crocodile in the swamps of Florida and South Carolina, every negro in the Southern Confederacy, and every devil in hell and pandemonium. This war, I say to you, must be prosecuted with a vim and a vengeance until the rebellion is put down, if it exterminates from the face of God Almighty's green earth every man, woman, and child south of Mason and Dixon's line. (Cheers.) The only way to reach the tender sensibilities of a Southern woman is to get after one of her negroes. Kill her husband—she thanks God he died in a good cause; but steal one of her negroes, she will howl and whine as if the devil himself were after her. You have not felt the effects of the war in the loyal State that you are going to now. I know that little man Grant; he is the right man in the right place. I am willing to see Richmond captured by him; and, if I had my choice I should choose that Richmond and Charleston should be taken alone by negro troops, commanded by 'Butler the Beast.' Sherman has the finest army in the world—not less than 150,000 men, all told. He is gradually advancing into the heart of the Southern States. He will take that country. Grant will take Richmond. And we will crowd the rebels, and will crowd them until, I trust in God, we shall rush them into the Gulf of Mexico, and drown the entire race, as the devil did the hogs in the Sea of Galilee. When we come out of the war, we shall come out with 500,000 or 600,000 of the best soldiers, who have got their hand in, and would as soon have their hand in a little longer as not. Then am in favour of giving Old England a turn. (Cheers.) We can whip the Southern Confederacy; we can take in France and England; the whole civilized world; and I want to carry it on until we win on all God's creation."

The Confederates, 20,000 strong, defeated 10,000 Federals under General Wallace, at Monocacy. The Confederates destroyed nearly all the bridges on the Northern Central Railroad, and captured two Baltimore trains at Magnolia Station, taking General Franklin and his staff prisoners. They have also burnt the Governor of Maryland's residence, four miles from Baltimore.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.—T. P. Cooke, the popular actor—Mr. Thomas Foster Cooke, of Thurloe-square, Brompton, and St. Vincent's, Hyde, Isle of Wight—who died on the 4th of April last at an advanced age, has left personally estimated at £25,000, besides freehold estates. This will was executed in February last, and a codicil the month following, being a few days before his death. The executors are the Rev. W. S. H. Meadows, M.A., vicar of Chigwell; Mr. Warren Page, Bloomsbury-place; and Mr. Augustine Sargood, Temple, barrister. To his daughter, Mrs. Cumming, who was residing with him, he has left his real estate and the residue of his personalty. There are number of small legacies to personal friends; among them are the names of Benjamin Webster, John Buckstone, Henry Wills, editor of *All the Year Round*; and Mr. Bowles, editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, Paris. To each of his executors £100. To the nurse, who has long lived in the family, he leaves an annuity of £35. All legacies to be paid free of duty. There is one very prominent bequest in his will. He leaves to the Royal Dramatic College a sum of £2,000, in perpetuity, for a prize for the best drama on a national or national subject, to be called "T. P. Cooke's National or National Dramatic Prize," to be competed for; and so goes to this on the 23rd of April, the birthday of "our country's dramatic poet Shakespeare, and which is my own rebel day." A portion of his executors' bequest given to the pensioners of the Royal Dramatic College, to be paid in perpetuity—"To the memory of the Royal Dramatic College, which all may be duly honoured, there can be no doubt that his 'play off' shall be read, and an annual performance of the most successful drama, as well as of the plays of the place, and the theatre at which it is to be performed; and bequeaths a fund or sum of £1,000 for this purpose."

General News.

An individual advertised for "a wife" the other day, and requested each applicant for the situation to enclose her *carte de visite*. One of his correspondents closed her reply in these terms:—"I do not enclose my *carte*, for though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."—*American Paper*.

GENERAL SIR HUGH ARBUTHNOTT, who for nearly forty years has represented the county of Kincardine, has intimated to his friends that at the end of the present parliament he intends vacating his seat. The gallant general, who is the "Father of the House of Commons," it is understood takes this step in consequence of being unable, from increasing deafness, to give the same attention to his parliamentary duties that he has done so faithfully during his long lease of office.

MR. MUDIE'S library has passed into the hands of a limited liability company. The property has been divided into £100,000 worth of shares; and of this sum Mr. Mudie retains possession of £50,000. Some part of the second £50,000 has been subscribed by Mr. Murray and other publishers; and the remaining part will be offered to the general public. Mr. Mudie continues his services and powers as managing director, at a salary of £1,000 a year.

STAINED GLASS window, which when finished, will be the largest in the world, is being executed at Cologne for the cathedral at the sole expense of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Over the west entrance into the nave, between the two towers, there will be a window seventy feet in height, and this window will receive in gigantic proportion a representation of the Last Judgment. The design is from the cartoons of Peter von Cornelius, and was originally intended for the Campo Santo at Berlin, where, however, it was never executed.

MRS. WOOD, the once celebrated vocalist, expired at Bulcliffe Hall, Bretton West, near Wakefield, where she had resided for the last twelve months. Mrs. Wood had retired from public life for many years, and devoted her talents to the teaching of music at Leeds. It was at the national theatres, Drury-lane and Covent-garden, that Mrs. Wood, as Miss Paton, first won her great fame as a vocalist, and gained a hold upon the admiration of the public which never ceased until her final retirement from the stage. Her repertoire, when her fame became established, extended through the whole range of English opera, in which there was scarcely a piece which she did not adorn by her attractive vocalization and dramatic talent. It was in the zenith of her reputation as a vocalist that she was married to Lord William Lennox. The union, however, did not prove a happy one, and no very long time elapsed before a separation, followed by a divorce, took place. She subsequently married Mr. Wood, himself a vocalist of considerable talent.

A COMMISSION of twelve engineers, scene painters, architects, &c., presided over by a member of the Institute, has been appointed to examine the improvements to be introduced into the machinery and decorations of the new Opera, Paris.

On Monday morning, Mary Denning, aged sixty-five, who lived in Union-street, Somers-town, was descending a staircase, when she missed her footing and fell head foremost on to the landing. When raised up she was found to have sustained concussion on the brain and injury to the spine, which resulted in death before she could be removed to the hospital.

THE Ministerial fish dinner took place at the *Trafalgar*, Greenwich, on Saturday, and was attended very fully by the members of the Government, in and out of the Cabinet, and was presided over by Lord Palmerston in person.

Safety of RAILWAY PASSENGERS.—The *Railway News* states that the directors of the London and South-Western Railway have given instructions for placing a glazed circular aperture in each division of their carriages. They will be provided with curtains so as to insure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in any one of the carriages, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offender. It is hoped that a knowledge of the probability of being thus overlooked by fellow-travellers, may have the effect of deterring brutal and ill-disposed persons from annoying or injuring those who are travelling in the same compartment with them.

GREAT TRIAL OF FIRE ENGINES.—The Industrial Society of the Netherlands held their eighty-seventh annual meeting at Midelburg, in the province of Zealand, on the 12th instant and following days. The important anniversary is always accompanied by a competitive exhibition, the subject being varied from time to time at the discretion of the committee. Fire-engines and fire-escapes were the articles chosen for this year's competition. The invitation of the society was responded to by thirty-nine exhibitors from Holland, Belgium, and England, who contributed between fifty and sixty fire-engines, &c. To accommodate these a shed was erected along the sides of a large field, in which the engines were ranged in order, the same as the implements are at our own agricultural societies' annual shows. The prizes consisted of one gold medal, a number of silver medals, and various awards in money. The jurors for the adjudication of the prizes consisted of gentlemen of the Antwerp, Utrecht, and Leyden Fire Brigades, &c. The jury had not the least hesitation in awarding the gold medal and three money prizes to Shand, Mason, and Co. The great success obtained by Shand and Mason is, no doubt, owing to their great experience in turning out land steam fire-engines, the firm having already sent out of their factory twenty-nine land steamers to foreign Governments and the London Brigade. The meeting terminated with a grand display of fireworks, one of the principal devices being a land steam-engine. Many scientific gentlemen were present from London, including Mr. Hodges, the distiller; Mr. Braidwood, Mr. Shand, Mr. Merryweather, &c., &c. It is only right to say that one of the silver medals was awarded to Messrs. Merryweather and Son.

ENGLISH THIEVES ABROAD.—An Englishman named Harper, aged twenty-three, was tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police on a charge of picking a lady's pocket of her purse, containing 10/5. (41) A police agent stated that on the 25th of April last he was on duty at the Northern Railway Station, when he perceived the prisoner with another Englishman trying the pockets of several persons, but they committed no act glaring enough for him to take them into custody, and he saw them afterwards leave by the train, as he supposed, for England. Three days afterwards he was surprised at seeing the prisoner near the omnibus station of the Tour St. Jacques, and observed him carrying on the same manœuvres among the crowd assembled there. The prisoner afterwards went to the Palais Royal Station, where he recommenced his operations, and at that place the policeman caught him in *flagrante delicto* and arrested him. The prisoner, who stated that he did not understand a word of French, had an interpreter assigned him, and in his defence said that his object in moving about among the crowd at the Tour St. Jacques, and the Palais Royal was to find omnibuses to take him to the Madeleine. He admitted that when before the Commission of Police he had confessed that he had made attempts to pick the pockets of some persons, but he declared that nothing was the result about the robbery with which he was now charged. He said that when he left the Northern Station he only went as far as Chantilly with his companion, and returned to Paris the next day. The woman who had lost the purse having positively identified the prisoner, he was condemned to five years' imprisonment, and to afterwards remain under the surveillance of the police.

THE MURDER OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

LAST week's issue of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* informed its readers that a German, named Muller, was suspected of having murdered Mr. Briggs in a railway carriage on the North London line. Muller has gone to America in the Victoria.

Inspector Tanner, of the metropolitan force, Mr. Death, the jeweller, and the cabman to whose daughter Muller was paying his addresses, left Liverpool for New York in the New York and Philadelphia Company's steamer City of Manchester. Mr. Tanner is armed with the necessary warrants for the apprehension of the culprit, and bears despatches from Mr. Adams, the American minister in London, so that any proceedings in America will be facilitated to the utmost. The City of Manchester will, in all probability, arrive out sooner than the Victoria, and every precaution will be taken to secure Muller's arrest. If the New York Associated Press boat is seen off Cape Race, telegrams for the Canadian stations will be at once forwarded, and then the chances in favour of the prisoner escaping will be very few indeed. The state of the weather of Cape Race may prevent despatches being sent, however, until the vessel reaches New York; and if the Victoria makes a good run, she may reach Canada before Muller's pursuers.

Upon the application of Inspectors Williamson and Kerressey, a second warrant was granted by Mr. Henry, of Bow-street Police-court, and some further testimony adduced.

Mr. David Buchan, 23, Nelson-square, Peckham, woollen warehouseman, deposed: "I am well acquainted with the late Mr. Briggs. I had known him for many years. He was uncle to my wife. On the 9th July instant he dined with me at about five o'clock, and I afterwards saw him to the omnibus—the Nelson—in the Old Kent-road. I believe the chain now produced, which I have examined, to be his; but I am more particularly able to identify the old-fashioned key and the broken seal. I had observed the piece chipped out of the stone of the seal months ago. The chain is an Albert guard, which was given to him about two years ago by a friend. He formerly wore a different kind of chain. When he came to my house he had with him the black bag now produced, in which he had brought something for us, and I am almost certain it was empty when he left. He was perfectly sober; indeed, he was a man of very temperate habits."

Mr. Thomas Lee: "I live at 4, Parkfield-villas, King Edward's-road, Hackney. I knew the late Mr. Briggs well. The last time I saw him was on the night of the 9th instant, at about ten o'clock. I was waiting on the platform of the Bow Station for a train to go to Hackney, when the carriage came up and I saw him in first-class compartment. He said, 'Good night, Tom,' and I answered, 'Good night, Tom.' Knowing his early habits I felt some surprise at seeing him out so late. He appeared in his usual health and spirits. He was sitting with his back to the engine. There were two men in the carriage with him. By his side was a dark thin man, who seemed to me to be tall, and opposite to him was a stoutish thickset man with light whiskers. I noticed that his hand, which was thrust through the loop at the carriage window, was of unusual size. I saw more of him than the other, because the light was fully reflected on his face. They were in the first compartment of a railway carriage, the division nearest to the engine, and Mr. Briggs was sitting in the corner on the near side of the line, the opposite to the side on which he would enter at Fenchurch-street. I conversed with him for a few seconds while waiting for the train to start, and then got into a second-class carriage further to the front. The next station would be Hackney-wick, but I went on to Hackney. The train had stopped at Hackney-wick. I heard nothing of the murder till I saw the papers on Monday morning."

The railway guard, Mr. Brereton the surgeon, Mr. Robert Death, and other witnesses, having given evidence in accordance with the facts already known,

Mr. Thomas James Briggs, 5, Warwick-terrace North, Upper Clapton, waterpoor said he believed the chain produced was the same as his father had had for about two years, having been made a present to him by a friend. The last time witness saw his father alive was on Thursday, 7th July. On Sunday morning, 10th July, he was summoned to the Mitford Castle. When deceased was removed to his own house witness saw the patent guard chain which was given to him at the same time with the chain attached to the waistcoat pocket. He identified the chain, and especially the old-fashioned key and seal with a piece chipped out of the stone, which had been particularly noticed by his sister. He also recognised the walking-stick as belonging to his father.

Elizabeth Sarah Repsch deposed: "I am the wife of Godfrey Ferdinand Repsch, tailor, 12½, Jewry-street, Aldgate. My parents are German, but I was born in England. I have known Frank Muller, a German tailor, about two years. He used to work with a friend of my husband, and he then took a work-room of his own, but continued to come to see us. It was my husband who got him his situation at Mr. Hodgkinson's, and when he left that he worked for us about a fortnight. The last time I saw him was on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of July, the day he sailed. He told us he was going in the ship Victoria, from the London Docks, to New York. On the previous Saturday, the 9th instant, I had seen him at my house, where I left him at about half-past seven o'clock at night talking to his friend John Hoffa. He had not told me he was going anywhere. When I came back at about half-past eight, Hoffa was still there at work, but Muller was gone. I did not see Muller at all on the Sunday; but he called on Monday between ten and eleven o'clock, and stated himself on the shop-board beside my husband. He then took out of his pocket the gold Albert guard now produced, and said he had paid £3 15s. for it, and he showed us a ring upon his finger with a white stone and a peculiarly-shaped head upon it, and told us that he had bought it for £6d. When he left he had the ring on his finger. He told us that he bought the chain and ring of a man at the docks, whom he met when he was going down to take his passage-ticket, and he thought it was a good bargain. I joked him about it, and said it was not worth the money; after which he took up the shears and scraped the chain, to show me the way to test it. He said, 'You see it is pure gold.' I observed the hat he was wearing was quite new; and I said to him, 'How extravagant you are with your hats!' He said he had smashed his old one, and thrown it into the dust-hole. I had particularly noticed his old hat, because it had a striped lining, unlike any other I had ever seen, and I am quite certain the hat now produced is the same. I do not know how it is, but I have always taken particular notice of the hats worn by the young men who came to our house. I have never seen Muller since the morning of the 14th July."

John Hoffa, a tailor, living at 16, Park-terrace, Old Ford-road, Bethnal-green, deposed: "I know Franz Muller, and have worked for two years at Mr. Hodgkinson's, where he also worked. For the last three nights before he sailed, I lodged in the same house with him. He was living there before me. I formerly lodged with Mrs. Repsch, and still go there sometimes to see them. On Saturday I was with Muller at Repsch's house at about seven o'clock in the evening, and when he left he said 'he was going to see his girl' (his sweetheart). I saw him next at dinner-time on the Monday following, at Mr. Repsch's. I had paid no attention to his hat, and I could not say whether he had a new one. Muller slept with me on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights. I bought a pawnbroker's duplicate of him on the Wednesday. He said it was the ticket for the chain which I had seen him with on Monday, and said he had pawned it for £1 1s. He wanted 12s. for the ticket, as he had not sufficient to pay his passage to America. I borrowed the 12s. and gave him, but I did not take the chain out of

pawn. It was pledged at 21 in the Minories. He left me in bed at six o'clock on Thursday morning, and said 'good-bye,' as he was going to his ship."

Charles Young, assistant to Mr. Annie, pawnbroker, of 21, Minories, produced the Albert chain which was pledged on Tuesday, the 12th, at about two o'clock by a man whose appearance he could not recollect. It did not strike him he was a foreigner, as he spoke good English. He gave the name "John Miller, 22, Jewry-street." He could not say if he was tall or fair. He might know him if he saw him again.

It appears that the cabman's wife (Mrs. Mathews) remembered that Muller, being dissatisfied with the flat brim of his hat which Matthews purchased for him, had turned up the sides in the fashion worn by foreigners; and this is precisely the appearance which the hat now presents, the alteration having been evidently made by a person accustomed to the work. It was also stated that the reason why Matthews offered to buy the hat was, that he owed Muller for a waistcoat, made some months ago, and the hat was to be a kind of set-off for the amount due.

There being no further evidence, the warrant was made out and signed by Mr. Henry, after which it was given to Mr. Adams, the American minister, to be endorsed. It was then handed to Inspector Kerressey, and this officer started with it by night mail to Liverpool, intending to catch the mail packet which sailed from that port early on Saturday morning. The former warrant was obtained in a very hurried manner after the court had closed, and some important links in the evidence could not be supplied. For this reason, and to guard against any possible delay of the Manchester, it was considered desirable to send out a duplicate warrant with all the further details that could be gathered respecting the murder of Mr. Briggs.

The inquest touching the death of Mr. Thomas Briggs, who was murdered on the North London Railway on the 9th inst., was resumed on Monday before Mr. Humphreys, coroner, at the Town Hall, Hackney.

Mr. Morgan again appeared for the friends of the deceased.

The Coroner said he might mention that there were witnesses present at their last meeting who were in a position to give some valuable evidence, but he had considered that the ends of justice could be best served by withholding that evidence at present. He believed that Mr. Moore, who appeared for the prosecution, intended to apply for an adjournment. He was bound to say that, looking to the evidence, he could not supply the jury with anything that would carry the case much further. He must say this in fairness to a gentleman who was prepared to have given evidence at their last meeting, but he (the coroner) had then declined to call him. He did not believe that justice would miscarried in consequence of a postponement, and he should therefore propose that the inquiry should be adjourned until Monday, the 8th of August, at ten o'clock.

The foreman of the jury suggested that as the evidence of Mr. Lee would not occupy more than a few moments it might be taken now.

The coroner assented.

Mr. Thomas Lee, of King Edward's-road, Hackney, then deposed as at Bow-street.

The inquiry was then adjourned to Monday, the 8th of August, at ten o'clock.

MULLER, THE SUSPECTED MURDERER OF MR. BRIGGS.

The portrait in the front page is that of Muller, the suspected murderer of Mr. Briggs.

The history of the suspected murderer, as far as details can be obtained, appears to be as follows:—His name is Francis Muller, and he was born about the year 1839 in Cologne. His father and other relatives were gunmakers, and he was brought up to that business. Three years ago a friend and companion of his left Cologne and came to England where he made the acquaintance of Matthews, a cabinman, residing in Paddington. After a brief courtship this German married Matthews's sister, and after an interval of twelve months he sent to Muller to come over to England, where he would be likely to do well. Muller came over accordingly, and took up his residence in London, where at first he found work as a gunmaker. Employment soon failed him, however, and he took lessons of a tailor's cutter-out and got employment as a journeyman tailor. He made the acquaintance of an unmarried sister of Matthews about twelve months ago, but something sinister in his look and his violent temper caused the father of the girl to break off the proposed match. He had a watch of his own, but it is a singular fact that he openly expressed his dissatisfaction with it, and actually, with unaccountable candour, announced his determination to replace it by another at some one else's expense. On more than one occasion, while seated at dinner with Matthews in the house of the latter, he said, "I don't like this watch; I will see a nice watch some day and I will have it." Matthews states that this remark was made with a peculiar emphasis, and was accompanied by a forbidding look. On the 7th of May Muller got employment as a journeyman tailor, in the shop of Mr. Hodgkinson, at No. 43, Threadneedle-street. He received twenty-five shillings a week wages, and seemed to his employer to be a steady man, but, except while at work, he was not under observation. He stated on more than one occasion that he intended to go to America; and it is believed that he saved up money with that view. On the 2nd of July he received his wages for the last time at the shop—he was not seen there after.

The personal characteristics of the murderer may be thus summed up:—He is a man of great resolution and singular energy. He was cool and sagacious in general business, and whatever he made up his mind to he had the reputation of carrying through. He had a character for extreme violence, which caused him to be disliked by his friends. His forehead was low, his cheek bones prominent, and his general expression of face rather forbidding. It is thought probable that when he finds his capture inevitable he will endeavour to commit suicide.

ARRIVAL OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—This distinguished African traveller arrived by the Paris express train at the Charing-cross Railway Station on Saturday evening. Dr. Livingstone, who was received with marked respect by the officials of the railway and customs' baggage warehouse, looked exceedingly well.

A DETERMINED SUICIDE.—Some persons, while walking through the park of St. Cloud, discovered a young man hanging by the neck from a tree. Some of them ran off in search of the gendarmes while the others cut him down, and, after while, restored him to life. When the gendarmes arrived they took him to their barracks, where he was soon perfectly recovered. When interrogated, he replied that about three months before he was forced into a marriage, and that having been ever since most unhappy he had determined to take away his life rather than live with his wife. He was afterwards put to bed, and told to compose himself, but when the gendarmes returned in the morning they found that he had again hanged himself by his braces to an upper bar of the window, and was quite dead. The body was conveyed to the Morgue at Paris. The deceased is supposed from his language to be a German.

No Home Complete without WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Price £10.00 on application at 135, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

DISTURBANCES AT THE CAPE

No active hostilities had yet taken place on the frontier, but Sir Walter Currie, in a despatch to the Government, had reported that, as he had found the difficulties in the Transkei increasing, and believed war to be imminent, he recommended that the 2nd battalion of the 11th Regiment should be retained on the frontier. Every preparation was also being made for war by the Cape authorities. The 5th Fusiliers are left in readiness at East London.

The *Zind Afrikaan* of the 20th says:—"An express having arrived in town last evening bringing despatches from Mr. Chalmers, resident magistrate at the Idutywa, dated 1st instant, we waited upon his honour the Lieutenant-governor this morning for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the purport of the news. His honour was pleased to assure us that the intelligence brought by this opportunity was eminently satisfactory; that all was perfectly quiet in the Transkeian territory, and that Krell, so far from at present showing any hostile intention towards the colony, had addressed a message to his excellency the governor to assure him of his peaceful disposition. From other quarters information is equally satisfactory. We have private letters from Clarkbury to the 28th ult., and Butterworth and the Idutywa to the 21st. Everything then bore a peaceful aspect; and we are informed that the whole cause of the late alarm arose from the fact that Krell had crossed the Tamboekie frontier with his cattle; but not with any warlike intention, on which Qneay, the Tamboekie chief, warned him off, and Krell had to return within his own boundary. It is evident, however, that Krell is playing a deep political game by endeavouring to form an alliance with the Tamboekies, and that this movement on their boundary was with the object of bringing about a conference, with a view, probably, of effecting a reconciliation; or otherwise the recent demonstration on the Tamboekie frontier was merely put forth as a feaver, to test the temper and disposition of both Qneay and the colony. So long as Krell is at variance with the Ampondas on one side, and the Tamboekies on the other, there need be little fear of his attempting anything against the colony, as the moment he moved his enemies would pounce down upon his kraals, sweep off his cattle, and carry his women and children into captivity. We are glad to say that the excitement among our European population has been very trifling, and nothing to be compared to the agitation which appears to exist below the Kei-kamma as far as Table Bay. In Capetown, it is said, much speculation has been created by the war rumours, and some merchants have done a good stroke of business."

THE REVIEW AT WIMBLEDON.

THE presentation of prizes this year took place on Saturday, at a table placed at the foot of the flagstaff in front of the grand stand, Wimbledon. A guard of honour of 100 men of the London Rifle Brigade, under the command of Captain Pinckney, was drawn up in the rear of the table, each man having a laurel leaf in his shako, emblematic of the victory achieved by their comrades. Private Wyatt. The band of the brigade, under Mr. Stanton Jones, played previous to the presentation, alternating with the band of the London Scottish, under Mr. M. Farlane, who were posted in the grand stand marquee.

Lord Elcho said: Volunteers, ladies, and gentlemen.—The council hoped that they would have had either Lord Ellenborough or Earl de Grey to have given our prizes to-day. We have waited until the last moment. It is now half-past three o'clock, and I have reason to believe, from what I have heard, that it would be impossible for either of these noblemen to present the prizes to-day. In this difficulty it appeared to the council that it would be acceptable to the prize winners if they were to receive their prizes from the hands of Lady Elcho, who is one of the heartiest and best supporters of the volunteer movement in the kingdom, though I say it that should not. (Cheers.) Before Lady Elcho presents the prizes you must allow me to congratulate the volunteers, as I sincerely do, on behalf of the council, and of those who are here present who take an interest in the volunteer movement, in the great success which has attended this Wimbledon meeting. Everything on the whole would be prosperous were it not for the sad accident which happened two days ago, and which happened not through the fault of mismanagement, or misarrangement on the part of the council. It was one of those accidents which, though it was very grievous, we must, perhaps, make up our minds to. Where so many men are gathered together accidents more or less severe are sure to occur. We deeply regret it, and I am sure there is not a man on the ground who does not heartily sympathise with the poor fellow who is now lying suffering in the tent. Nor is that sympathy confined to us, for this morning we received a telegram from her Majesty—ever anxious for the well-being of every one of her subjects—kindly and anxiously inquiring after his condition, and requesting that she may be daily informed of his state of health. (Cheers.) I am happy to say that the chief surgeon of the Guards has been down this morning, and reports as favourably of the case as could be expected under the circumstances. Indeed, there are hopes entertained that the poor man may recover from the severe wound which he has received. With this exception everything has prospered. Our funds are prosperous, the weather has been propitious; and, whether it is the weather, or whatever may be the case, whether it is that every one has won a prize I do not know, but whereas before we have occasionally had a little grumbling on this common, this year I have not met with one grumbler. I except one, but that gentleman has since won a prize. I have shaken hands with him, and we are the best of friends (laughter), and I believe there is not a man leaves the common more content than this gentleman who was the only one grumbler. This is satisfactory to the council, and it must be satisfactory to all who take an interest in the association. This is the first year almost, I may say, that it appears to have struck its roots resolutely into this Wimbledon soil, or we have seen people come and take an interest in us and the volunteer movement who never did so before. Of this I feel certain, and if we are only favoured with fine weather the shooting will improve, the number of volunteers will increase, and men who come here I hope will go away as satisfied as they have done this year. I can assure every volunteer, whether coming from the metropolis or from the remote districts of Scotland, that no effort will be wanting on the part of the council to do all in our power for their comfort, happiness, and amusement when they come and honour us with their presence at Wimbledon. I shall now call the names of the winners, and Lady Elcho will present the prizes.

The prizes were then handed by Lady Elcho to the winners or their representatives.

Afterwards there was to have been a great review and sham-fight. Owing, however, to the precarious state of Cooper, it was resolved that there should be no firing which might have disturbed him. The review was therefore merely a drill on a large scale. About 10,000 volunteers were present.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Wednesday, while a young woman named Fanny Gately was standing near the edge of the cliff at Newquay, Cornwall, she became giddy and fell on to the beach, a depth of 110 feet. Luckily the place where she fell was clear of stones, and was in fact a bed of sand. She scarcely received a bruise, and she is rapidly recovering from the shock.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book &c.

THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]



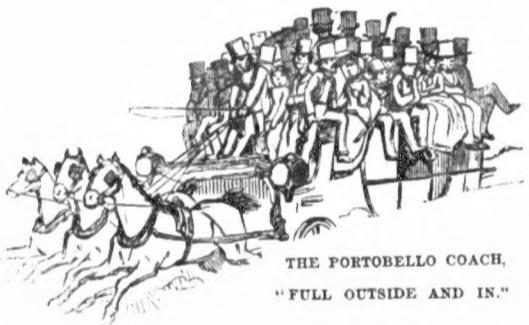
THE NEW PART OF "BOW BELLS," KNITTING, AND
A LITTLE QUIET FLIRTATION.



"TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT," ETC."



THE OLD LADY THAT MAKES
LITTLE BOYS SHIVER.



THE PORTOBELLO COACH,
"FULL OUTSIDE AND IN."



BATHERS' HEADS—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

CONTINUING our sea-side sketches, we give a few scenes of busy life during the bathing season at Portobello. This place is situated about two miles east of Edinburgh, and derives its name from an old sailor, who, under Admiral Vernon, was at the capture of Portobello, in America. He settled down here, built the first house, and named it "Portobello," in remembrance of the victory. It gradually grew into note as a bathing resort, especially for the inhabitants of Edinburgh.

From its salubrious situation on the south bank of the Frith of Forth, numerous villa residences have been built, but in no regular order, hence the town has rather a straggling appearance.

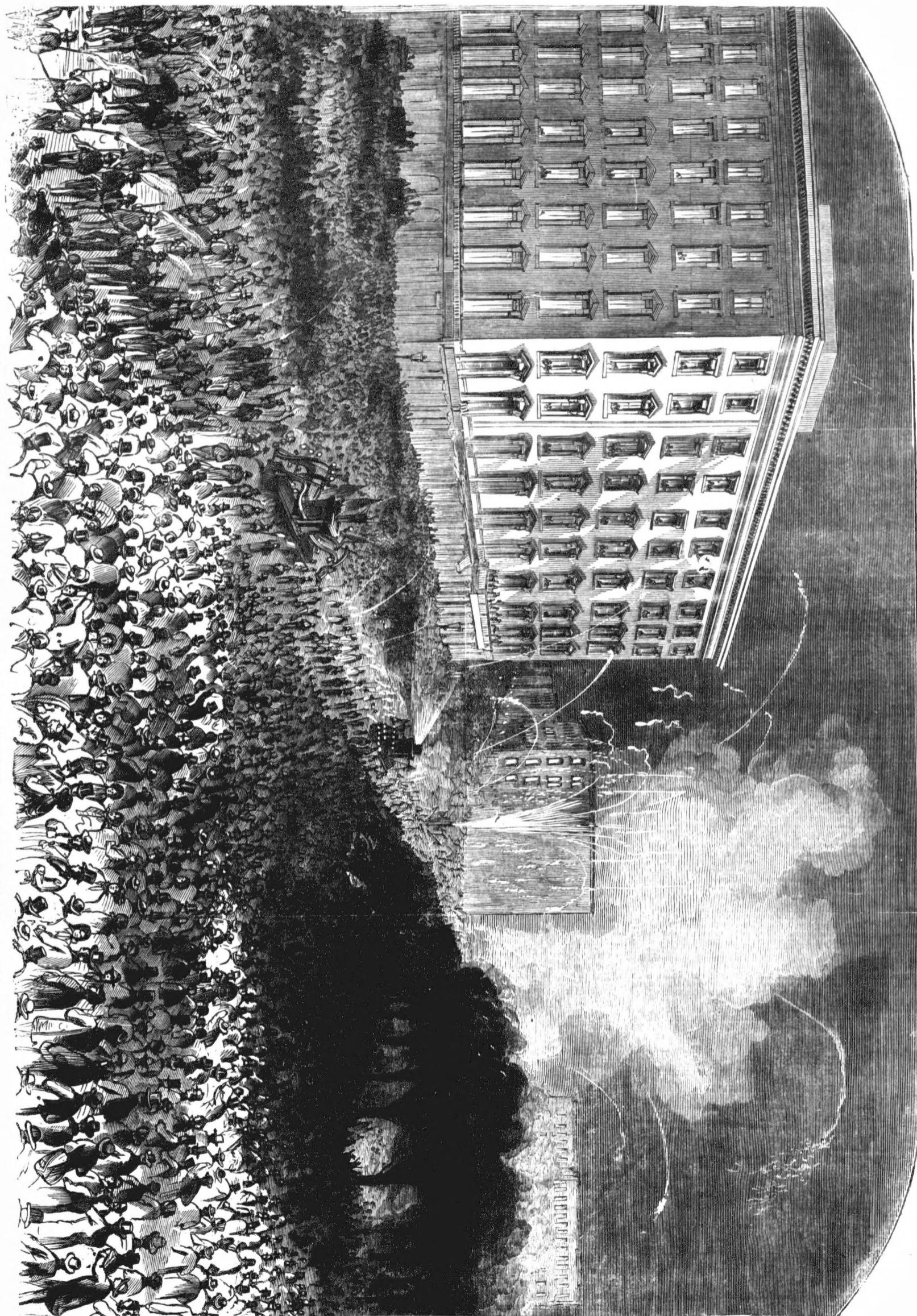
As may be supposed, there is here the usual bustling life during the season characteristic of other bathing places. The coach from Edinburgh is sure to be loaded, and it takes very little time to deposit its passengers on the beach. Here they are soon enjoying themselves in the water, as shown in our illustration below, or lounging on the beach. One young lady here has the new part of "Bow Bells" before her, and occasionally raises her eyes from its interesting pages to take a "sly glance" at the would-be fashionable swells who promenade along the beach. Others amuse themselves at donkey riding, and, if they are kicked off, 'tis not through their own unskillfulness—"tis all the fault of the donkey." Our other sketches tell their own little episodes, and need no further description. We may add that George IV held a review on these sands in 1822. The contrast to the review at that time is somewhat strange compared with the present peaceful scene.



"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE."



SUMMER EXCURSIONS.—BATHING TIME AT PORTOBELLO.



TO OUR READERS,

AND THE LOVERS OF CHEAP AND GOOD LITERATURE.
THE immense success attending the sale of BOW BELLS—which has now reached the enormous weekly circulation of 300,000—has induced the proprietors to make several new and important arrangements, thus enabling them to announce the following extraordinary features:—

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will be
ENLARGED TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd. A magnificent, original, coloured picture of THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, By the celebrated artist, W. H. GUARD, and printed on thick-toned plate-paper will be

PRESENTED GRATIS

with this Number. The price of the Picture without the Publication will be Five Shillings, being intended as a present to our Readers only.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain an entirely new and original Poem by ELIZA COOK, entitled

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain an entirely new WALTZ, entitled THE BOW BELLS WALTZ.

Composed expressly for this Periodical by W. H. MONTGOMERY, with whom a permanent engagement is made.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain the opening chapters of an Original Tale, entitled

TWENTY STRAWS.

By the author of "WOMAN'S WOOTH," "DOA RIVERSDALE."

Illustrated by GUARD.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain

NEEDLEWORK FOR THE LADIES.

Comprising the newest patterns of embroidery, &c., just obtained from Paris. Illustrated.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a complete Original Tale, entitled

EDITH LANGDON'S MYSTERY.

Illustrated by WILSON.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES.

Illustrated by PRIOR.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a PORTRAIT, with LIFE AND MEMOIR of our most celebrated English Poetess,

ELIZA COOK.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain the commencement of the New Story of THE DISCARDED WIFE.

By the author of "THE CHIMNEY." Illustrated by PALMER.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd. Every Lady in the Kingdom should purchase this Number, which will contain a variety of information tending to amuse and instruct the mind. THE WORK TABLE, THE FOILETTE AND LADIES' GUIDE, ORIGINAL MUSIC, POLITICAL GAMES, HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS (General and Domestic); and a large amount of information for the ladies than can be found in any other publication in the world.

BOW BELLS,

Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 1st.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a splendid illustration from the original painting by WALTER GOODMAN of

GRANDFATHER'S VISIT,

With descriptive letter-press

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain ORIGINAL ESSAYS, ADVENTURES, NATIONAL CUSTOMS and CURIOUS FACTS.

BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain SCIENTIFIC AND EDUCATIONAL ARTICLES, MISCELLANEOUS, VARIETIES, WITTY AND HUMOROUS, SAYINGS AND DOINGS, NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

Enlarged to Twenty-four pages, with an Engravings, and Magnificent coloured Picture of THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, GRATIS,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Any person can remit two stamps and receive a copy post-free.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush: but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough: and hence our determination to announce the publication of a

CHEAP EDITION

OF THE

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts. Each Weekly Number will contain eight large square pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for eightpence.

REMEMBER!—On Wednesday, April 27th, Number 1 was issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large square pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap periodicals, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage-stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

London: J. DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

PART I OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH

CONTAINING

TEN LARGE PAGE ENGRAVINGS,

By eminent artists

New publishing, price 6d; post-free, 8d.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

NEW STORY OF POWERFUL INTEREST.

In No. 834 of REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY was commenced an entirely new and original story, entitled,

HOW THE WORLD WAGS;

OR,

THE LOVE OF A WHOLE LIFE.

By HENRY LESLIE. Illustrated by F. GILBERT.

NOTICE.—In the same number was recommended the popular series, with full page illustrations, entitled

THE TOURIST'S COMPANION.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

DORA RIVERSDALE.

A TALE OF SORROW.

This New and Beautiful Story was commenced in No. 74 of

BOW BELLS.

One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for Specimen Copy to

J. DICKS, 313, Strand, London.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.	H. W.	L. B.
30	S	William Penn died, 1718	11 45
31	S	Tenth Sunday after Trinity	0 18 0 46
1	M	Lammas Day	1 13 1 36
2	I	Eugene Sue died, 1857	1 55 2 15
3	W	St. John's Day, 28th	2 34 2 52
4	T	Calais taken by the English, 1347	3 9 3 52
5	F	Queen Victoria at Cherbourg, 1858	3 40 3 56

Moon's changes.—New Moon, 2nd, 2h. 31m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

1 Kings 21; St. John 19. 1 Kings 22; Heb. 3.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to MR. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

H. B. L. (Portsmouth).—A young man, without friends in London, should hesitate before he comes hither on the mere chance of obtaining a clerk's situation. He would have to advertise in the *Times* and await the result. His success might perhaps be speedy but the reverse is still more likely to be the case. He must therefore calculate, before coming to London, on the amount of funds he can command to maintain him for a certain time while looking out for a situation, a d' to take him back home again if unsuccessful. We are constantly receiving letters similar to yours, asking how young men are to obtain certain situations in the metropolis, where they have neither friends nor interest. The only course open in these cases is to advertise in the daily newspapers.

W. D. D.—An infant (a person under age) can be bound by no covenant made for him by his parents or friends. Therefore, an apprentice is considered as freed from all liability to serve after he comes of age, except by the custom of the City of London, where an infant above the age of fourteen may bind himself to a freeman: and except also in case where no premium is given on the binding, or where the premium given does not exceed £25. In such cases justices have summary jurisdiction over apprentices, and may punish them when they improperly absent themselves from work. In your particular case, you had better consult some respectable London solicitor, and we will recommend you one if you forward us your address.

G. H. W.—A variety of lessons for self-instruction are given in Mr. Reynold's "Self-Instructor." It also contains numerous lessons in French, together with the pronunciation familiarly explained. By its aid, accompanied by a French grammar and dictionary, the language can easily be mastered by a person of ordinary ability and diligence. Delavoie's French dictionary, price 6s., and Delille's French grammar, price 4s. 7d., can be procured at Cornhill, Holborn. Stamps can be sent to Mr. Dicks, at our office, for the "Self-Instructor," the price of which is 1s. 2d., post free.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Confederates have spent a very pleasant fortnight in Maryland. There is a great doubt as to the numbers of the invading army. Some put it as high as 50,000, others as low as 20,000 men.

That it amounted to so many as 50,000, or even 40,000, is highly improbable. General Lee may feel very secure in his position at St. Petersburg, but that he should have purposely weakened his army, still outnumbered by the Federals, in detaching so large a body of men to the rear, would imply an amount of rashness of which we do not believe him capable. The invading corps, in all probability, did not exceed 20,000 men. The way in which it marched, almost unchallenged, up the Shenandoah Valley, crossed the Potomac, swept through Maryland from end to end, and reconnoitred the great cities of Baltimore and Washington, may give us some idea of the confidence of the Confederate commanders in the safety of their camp near Richmond and the weakness of the Northern Government in its own territory. On July 3 the Confederate army, having disposed of Sigel near Martinsburg, crossed the frontier river between that place and Harper's Ferry. A march of twenty miles eastwards, across the well-remembered battlefield of Sharpsburg, brought it to Frederick City and the commencement of the railway to Baltimore. A division was detached northwards, in the direction of Hagerstown; but of the further doings in that locality we have no account. Just beyond Frederick is the Monocacy River, running north and south. Here the garrison of Baltimore, said to consist of 10,000 men, under General Wallace, took its stand to repel the invaders. On Saturday, July 9, Wallace was engaged and defeated with great loss. He left in the hands of the enemy 1,000 prisoners, among them a general officer, and retreated in great disorder to Baltimore. The Confederates continued their movement without further molestation. As they moved along the railroad they destroyed all the bridges, and burned the rolling stock. General Franklin, just arrived from New Orleans, attempting to make his way along the line, was captured by the enemy with a train full of soldiers. The Confederates marched on to Baltimore, thirty miles east of Frederick. They burned down the house of the governor, and reconnoitred the defences of the city. From Baltimore the invaders proceeded along the railway to Washington, utterly destroying it. The Confederates halted close to Washington, and the sound of their cannon was heard by the President in the White House. Then, with an enormous amount of booty, they quietly retired.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales left Frogmore on Wednesday on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, at Goodwood Park, Petworth, during the season.

The young Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who is visiting the Queen at Osborne, will return to Prussia about the middle of next month.—*Court Journal*.

ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The illustration in page 101 represents the scene at New York when the anniversary of the national independence was celebrated in that city on the 4th of July, but with much less display than in former years. The number of serious accidents was about the average, most of them resulting from carelessness or inexperience in the use of firearms. A large number of fires took place during the day and night, including a very destructive one in Green-street, New York, where over £30,000 of property was destroyed. The municipality of the city did not dare together, as is the custom, to spend money in festivities that might be otherwise employed.

FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—John Croudson and Thomas Allison, who were convicted at the assizes last week of garotting robbers at Sunderland, and sentenced, the former to five years' and the latter to ten years' penal servitude, with twenty lashes each, underwent the punishment of flogging at the County Prison on Saturday. The instrument of punishment is described as of a formidable-looking nature, and was manufactured by a sailor, who is undergoing imprisonment in the gaol, expressly for that purpose. The cat is ingeniously composed of nine thongs of stout leather, in each of which are nine knots, and these being connected to a flexible handle, the power, wielded by strong hands, is terrific. At every stroke the knots cut deeply, making flesh and blood fly in every direction. The prisoners were firmly tied up, in a reclining position, the lower part of their shoulders exposed, the higher and lower part of their backs being protected by padding. The warders, Hodgson and Allison, executed their task with the skill of more practised hands. The officials of the gaol were present, but the prisoners were kept in their cells. Hodgson and Allison alternately inflicted ten lashes on each of the prisoners. The first lash was received with comparative equanimity by each prisoner, but on the second the yell of deep and excruciating agony which burst forth is represented as indescribable. Their cries continued during the whole of the punishment, and these, together with the sight of the flying flesh and blood and the mangled backs of the sufferers, and the clotted skeins of the cat, made up a spectacle of horror overpowering to those who witnessed it. When the punishment had been inflicted, the prisoners were taken down and removed to the prison infirmary, in a state of complete prostration—indeed, it is averred that neither of them could have received another lash without the greatest danger. Although the prisoners did not witness the punishment, they would hear the shrieks of the unhappy sufferers in their cells, and it is to be hoped the contemplation of the punishment may have a salutary effect on their minds.—*Durham Chronicle*.

SAVED BY CRINOLINE.—A few days ago a nursemaid lost her way on the cliffs at Newquay, and went close to the edge of the precipitous cliffs, when she slipped and fell to the beach below, a distance of 108 feet. Her crinoline expanding with the air, however, she broke the fall that she landed without a scratch or bruise, and, although much shaken, was able at once to walk one hundred yards and inform her mistress of the occurrence.—*Western Morning News*.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to confer the dignity of baronet of the United Kingdom upon Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet of Kinordy, in the county of Forfar.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

In the Divorce Court was recently heard a case *Wells v. Cottam* (falsely called Wells), being a petition presented under the 4th George IV, cap 76, for nullity of marriage by reason of undue publication of banns. The petitioner was the father of the alleged husband, and the two respondents were the alleged husband and wife. One of the respondents, the alleged wife, appeared and traversed the allegations in the petition.

Mr. M. Chambers, Q.C., and Dr. Spinks appeared for the petitioner; Dr. Wambey and Mr. Reynolds (instructed by Mr. Eaden, of 10, Gray's-inn-square), for the respondent.

The petitioner was formerly in business, but has since retired, and has for some years lived at different places in the suburbs of London. His son, George Henry Wells, who lived with him, had a situation in the City, and went backwards and forwards to it every day. In 1861, being then about eighteen years of age, he accidentally made the acquaintance of Martha Cottam, a girl of about the same age as himself, and of loose character. They became attached to one another. She abandoned her course of life, and ultimately they determined to get married. The marriage took place by banns at the church of St. John the Baptist, Hoxton, on the 14th of November, 1861. The parties agreed, according to the statement of Mr. G. H. Wells, to suppress one of his Christian names (George) and the banns were accordingly published in the names of Henry Wells, instead of George Henry Wells. When the marriage came to the knowledge of the father, he strongly objected to it, and the son then left the father's house and cohabited with the lady in the City-road until last June. He then left her for some reason which was not explained, and returned to his father's house and disclosed the circumstances of the marriage. She had thereupon taken proceedings against him in this court, and his father then instituted this suit, without his son's sanction or consent. Several of her letters were read for the purpose of showing that she was cognizant of his real name and of its suppression. Among them was the following, which appeared to have been written while the question of marriage was under their consideration, but before it had been finally decided:—

"Sunday, Sept. 22, 1861.

"I read with considerable pain your letter—and your impulse yesterday was to leave me, and for ever? How strong must your love be to allow so small a matter to take effect upon you thus! You add, 'but on calmer reflection I thought only of one's future'; and I tell you my first impulse this morning. It was, 'Let him go if he prizes me no more than that.' As for my future, it will be bright enough for me. I have ever had a dark, dark life, and never dare hope for a brighter. If you leave me my course is clear. I become an actress, and I shall at least win a name I shall not blush to own. I know also that it is a dark life; it will be bright enough for me. Let me paint you a picture. You marry me; for a time we live in obscurity; at last your father by dint of great perseverance finds you, and has an interview in which he upbraids you for your conduct. At the same time he only thinks it is one of those not unfrequent imprudent connexions which are so very injurious. He tells you unless you renounce at once and for ever all things connected with me you are penniless—he will cut you off with a shilling. There is a struggle between pride and love, and meanwhile I enter the room (not observing your father there), and after perceiving him am about to withdraw, when I am struck with the words he utters. I eagerly long for your answer, but when it comes it strikes a deathblow. 'Is there no alternative?' you ask, 'I love her so dearly.' 'None,' replies your father; 'you know me well enough to be aware I mean what I say.' He appeals to your pride, and after a short though severe struggle you say, 'Be it so.' I utter an exclamation which causes you both to look round. You say, 'Heaven! she has heard all,' to which your father replies, 'So much the better; it will save needless explanations.' I am broken-hearted, and gape out, 'Heavens! he wishes me away.' I turn to you. I say, 'Farewell! I will not stay to wrong you; I go, God knows whither.' You implore me to stay; you say you did not mean it—that you love me still. Too late! Your father holds you back, and I am gone, 'far as the grasp of Fate can sever.' Pause ere it be too late! Deceive not yourself; deceive not me. Yours still, and ever through every change,

"NELLIE."

"Forgive the question, but was your former love ever placed in the position to you I now am?"

Dr. Wambey, for the respondent, contended that it would be very dangerous to set aside marriages upon a technical ground like this, and that the evidence did not establish the complicity of the wife. He also read several letters from the husband to his wife, some of them written subsequent to the filing of this petition, in which he professed his continued devotion to her, acknowledging that he had treated her badly, and that he would "put her name before the world pure and undefiled." In one letter he said he had given up novel reading and taken to the study of man, and in another he reminded her that he had "promised to coronet her dear brow," and reproached himself as a wretch and a villain for having "listened to the promptings of ambition, and deserted an idolized wife."

Mr. M. Chambers replied.

The Judge-Ordinary, in summing up, said the sole issue was whether the wife was cognizant of the suppression in one of the Christian names of the husband. They ought, no doubt, to look with great caution upon the evidence brought forward in a suit like this, especially where it was instituted not by one of the parties to the marriage, but by a third person. In this case, if they believed the evidence of the young man, the petitioner's case was proved, and the young woman not having been called to contradict it, he could see no reason for disbelieving it.

The jury returned a verdict for the petitioner, and

His lordship pronounced the marriage null and void.

DESPAIR.—A large number of horses gave out on Sheridan's march. They were shot, as is the usage in war, and their equipments destroyed, to prevent their being of any benefit to the enemy. On the fourth day out, guard was detailed to prevent straggling, and especially to see that the dismounted men kept up. One poor fellow, who had lost his horse, upon being urged to go faster, replied that he was "pretty well played out as well as his horse, and if they wanted him to go much faster, he might as well shoot himself at once." This was supposed to be a mere jest; but no sooner was he spoken to again by the officer to push forward, than he placed the revolver to his head and blew out his brains. He belonged to one of the Michigan regiments.—*American Paper*.

HAYELOCK'S TOMB.—A correspondent who lately passed through Oude, gives a sad account of the present condition of Hayelock's tomb:—"I reached the Alumbagh about five a.m., and could not pass without visiting the grave of Hayelock. I was much surprised and disappointed to find the place utterly neglected. It might be as well, perhaps, to leave the house as it now stands, for it bears good evidence of the fighting there; but why the garden should be allowed to remain as it cannot very well be explained. Cows, sheep, and horses stray at will through it; a large quantity of seemingly rotten timber lying about does not improve its appearance; the walks are almost lost in weeds and jungle, and it bears altogether deserted look. The country that so fully recognised the claims of Hayelock after he died in its service surely would not grudge to keep the garden in order, put a railing round his tomb, and evince those marks of respect for his memory and for those who fell there, to which they are so justly entitled. One thousand rupees expended on the garden in clearing it out and planting shrubs and fifty rupees per month afterwards, would, I think, do all that is necessary."—*Bengal Hurkara*.

THE RECENT ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

AMONG the belles of our English aristocracy, few of late years created such a sensation on her *debut* as Lady Florence Page, the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. Gifted with the hereditary beauty of her family to a rare extent, her petite figure and dove-like eyes caused her at once to become "the rage of the park, the ball-room, the opera, and the croquet lawn." These personal charms were not a little enhanced by the unaffectedness of her manner and extreme good nature, which caused her to become the idol of her father and the household. Deprived of a mother's care at an early age, her education was hardly so advanced as might have been anticipated from her sphere in life, and she seemed to have made Diana Vernon her model. In her intercourse with society, among the many suitors by whom she was surrounded was Mr. Chaplin, a gentleman possessed of estates in Lincolnshire which produce him a rental of nearly forty thousand pounds per annum, and endowed with every quality to render him a desirable *parti*. Their intimacy was such last year that the rumours of their engagement appeared in the papers, only to be contradicted, and Mr. Chaplin proceeded on a shooting tour in India with his friend Sir Frederick Johnstone. Returning in May, he again met Lady Florence daily, and as a proof that his attachment was undiminished he proposed to her, and was accepted. The match was one which gave the greatest satisfaction to the Marquis of Anglesey and all his family, for Mr. Chaplin was a young man of great promise, and by his ample means could give Lady Florence a position in society which she had a right to look for, although she could bring him no dowry. At a fashionable jeweller's at the West-end Lady Florence's jewels, the gift of Mr. Chaplin, were displayed to all comers, and the troupe engaged the attention of the first *modistes*. Presents came in to her in abundance, the servants even subscribing for a silver teapot, sugar basin, and cream jug for her. The wedding was fixed for the second week in August, and Mr. Chaplin had made the necessary preparations to receive his bride. But it was not to be, although no later than Friday night she occupied Mr. Chaplin's box at the opera, and sat between him and her really future husband, the Marquis of Hastings, of whom we may remark that his attachment to her had been notorious, and it was known that he meant to have proposed to her, if Mr. Chaplin had not taken time by the forelock. Addicted as his lordship is to the turf and its congenital accessories, it was imagined Lady Florence's image would soon be erased from his mind, but it seemed otherwise, and that, while on the best of terms with Mr. Chaplin, he was only concealing his play, for on the following morning (Saturday) that he had been at the opera with him and her ladyship he found himself with the latter at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, and they were united for better or worse. As much curiosity prevails to know how the marriage was arranged, we may state that Lady Florence, on Saturday morning, left the St. George's Hotel, in Albemarle-street, where she had been staying during the season, in her father's brougham, telling the porter, if Mr. Chaplin called, she should not return until two o'clock. She then was driven to Marshall and Snelgrave's, in Oxford-street, and leaving the carriage at one entrance, was met at the other by the sister of the Marquis of Hastings, who, engaging a hack cab, drove her at once to St. George's, where the Marquis of Hastings, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Granville (whose marriage we recorded only a fortnight back), Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. F. Wombwell were in waiting. Immediately after the ceremony had been performed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings repaired to Mr. Granville's lodgings in St. James's-place, from whence, after the bride had communicated by letter to Mr. Chaplin and her family her change of mind, they started for special train for Donington Park to spend the honeymoon. At Peterborough Station they were met by several of their friends, who were not a little surprised to find Lady Florence in company of the marquis instead of Mr. Chaplin.—*Queen*.

A FRENCH SOLDIER IN THE POLISH ARMY.

THE Military Tribunal of Paris tried a sergeant of the 12th Regiment of the Line, named Audrain, on a charge of desertion. The prisoner left his regiment on the 24th of August last, and, after an absence of more than eight months, surrendered himself to the military authorities at Strasburg, whence he was sent to Paris for trial. The prisoner, having been called upon by the president to explain where he had passed the eight months of his illegal absence, made the following statement:—

"On leaving my regiment I went to Liege, whence a Polish recruiting agent sent me to Breslau. I there received a captain's commission from the Polish National Government, with orders to proceed to Cracow. At this last town I was placed at the head of a detachment, with orders to cross the Austrian frontier during the night. In that I succeeded, after a conflict with the army of observation, during which I received two slight wounds. I then joined General Bossak, who was operating on the palatinate of Cracow, and remained some months under his command, until, after an encounter in which he was defeated, I and my colonel were taken prisoner by the Russians. The following night we were shut up in a barn, from which I managed to escape by bribing a Cossack sentinel with twenty-five roubles, which I had concealed in my boots. I fled across the country with no other covering than a ragged horse rug, for the Russians had taken away my clothes, till I reached a house where I was known, and there I obtained a guide and a horse. I soon rejoined General Bossak, who sent me to Cracow to fetch some volunteers, among whom were several French officers. I was arrested by the Austrian police the night after my arrival, and detained a prisoner three months in the citadel, when orders came from Vienna to give me up to the Russians. Knowing what fate awaited me if I fell into their hands, I wrote to the French Minister of War, who, through the medium of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, procured my release, and I immediately returned to France."

The prisoner produced letters to prove the truth of this statement. The president remarked that this explanation was no excuse for the prisoner's deserting his colours, and the imperial commissioners passed for the conviction, as there could be no such thing as discipline if French soldiers were allowed to engage in such Quixotic enterprises. The tribunal, however, after hearing counsel for the prisoner, acquitted him by a majority of four to three.

RAMSGATE SANDS.

This beautiful engraving given on our 105th page is from the well-known picture by Mr. F. Fritsch. The section which we give is that of the centre. We shall take an early opportunity of giving the other two sections, with descriptive letter-press of the whole.

COMPETITIVE GUN TRIALS AT SHOEBURYNESS.

The gun trials at Shoeburyness have been carried on with great vigour during the past two weeks, and the results have been most important. On our 104th page we give an engraving of this renowned trial-ground and range for canon. It may not be uninteresting here to state that many traces of Danish works are found in the immediate vicinity of Shoeburyness.

KENDALL'S STIMULANT AND DETERGENT restores the Hair by stimulating removing scurf, and preventing its falling off. It gives a beautiful gloss and perfume. Price 1s. 6d. of any Chemist, or by post twenty-eight stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Clapham-Post, London.—[Advertisement.]

THE "HAMLET" SCENERY AT THE LYCEUM.

AT Lewes Assizes was tried a case, *Telbin v. Fechter*, being an action brought by the plaintiff, the eminent theatrical scene painter, against Mr. Fechter, the well-known tragedian and lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, to recover a sum of £136 5s., being the balance alleged to be due to him for services rendered to the defendant in his professional capacity in the production of the tragedy of "Hamlet" at this theatre.

Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Shaw were for the plaintiff; and Sergeant Ballantine and Mr. Coventry were counsel for the defendant.

It appeared that in the month of February of the present year the defendant sent for Mr. Telbin, and informed him of his intention to produce the tragedy referred to with new scenery and effects, and he desired him to paint the former, and he was to be paid the sum of £400 for his services in this respect. Mr. Telbin agreed to these terms, and something was said about the scenery being ready by the 20th of April, but according to the evidence of the plaintiff he was unable to complete his work by this time, and one of the reasons for this was that Mr. Fechter discharged the principal stage-carpenter, a person named Baze, and employed a Frenchman named Gaudin in the same capacity, and as he could not speak English and Mr. Telbin could not speak French, they had great difficulty in communicating with or understanding each other, and that this caused considerable delay. It appeared that the scenery was not sent to the theatre until the 14th of May, but on the part of the plaintiff it was said that this was not of any consequence, inasmuch as Mr. Fechter, who was to play Hamlet, met with an accident in the month of April, and he was ordered by his medical advisers not to perform for a month, so that if the scenery had been ready by the 20th of April it would not have made any difference, as the play could not have been brought out owing to the condition of Mr. Fechter. While the work was going on the defendant paid Mr. Telbin £270 on account, and it appeared that about the beginning of May he became very angry with the plaintiff, and wrote him several letters, in one of which he stated that he had lost £2,000 in consequence of his not having fulfilled his agreement to complete the scenery by the 20th of April, and which sum, he said, Mr. Telbin's painting would never restore to him in cash; and, in another, he stated that, "If Mr. Telbin's conduct in causing him to lose his money did not strike him with remorse, he was sorry for his conscience." The reading of these letters caused a good deal of laughter in the court, particularly the one containing the last-mentioned observation, and another in which he requested him to come over to his house and talk the matter over "over a pipe." The plaintiff, in his evidence, positively denied that he had ever undertaken to complete the scenery by the 20th of April, and said that all he stated was that he would endeavour to do so; and it appeared that after the scenery had been delivered at the theatre, which was on the 14th of May, he went there for the purpose of putting a few finishing touches to some of the scenes, which is always necessary under such circumstances, and which, according to the plaintiff's statement, would not have taken him more than four or five hours to complete, when he was refused admittance, and he was eventually compelled to bring the present action to recover the balance of his claim, he having as he alleged, actually spent £290 out of his pocket for assistance and other matters connected with the work that he had performed.

Sergeant Ballantine, in his address to the jury for the defendant, said that he resisted the claim on the ground that the plaintiff had positively undertaken to have the scenery ready by the 20th of April, and that by failing to do so the defendant had committed a very serious loss, as his object was to produce the play of "Hamlet" on the anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, on the 23rd of April, and although his accident might have prevented him from strictly carrying out this intention, still, if the scenery had been supplied at the time specified, the play might have been produced much earlier than it really was; and on this ground he contended that, having broken his contract, the plaintiff had already sufficiently paid for the work he had performed.

Mr. Fechter was examined as a witness, and his version of the transaction was, that the plaintiff positively undertook to have the scenery ready by the 20th of April, but that it would require some extra exertions, and he said he agreed on that account to give him £400. He also said that under ordinary circumstances he should not have paid Mr. Telbin for the scenery a larger sum than £300, and he gave him the additional amount upon the consideration that the work should be done in a shorter time. He stated, in addition to this, that when the scenery was delivered on the 14th of May it was in the most incomplete state, and he was compelled to postpone the performance for a week, and during that time he paid £70 to other artists to complete the scenery, and also had to pay the whole of his company a fortnight's salary, during which time the theatre was closed, solely, as he alleged, on account of the plaintiff having failed to perform the contract that he had entered into.

Baron Martin having summed up, the jury almost immediately said they were of opinion that Mr. Telbin had not made a contract to complete the scenery by the 20th of April, and they returned a verdict for the full amount claimed.

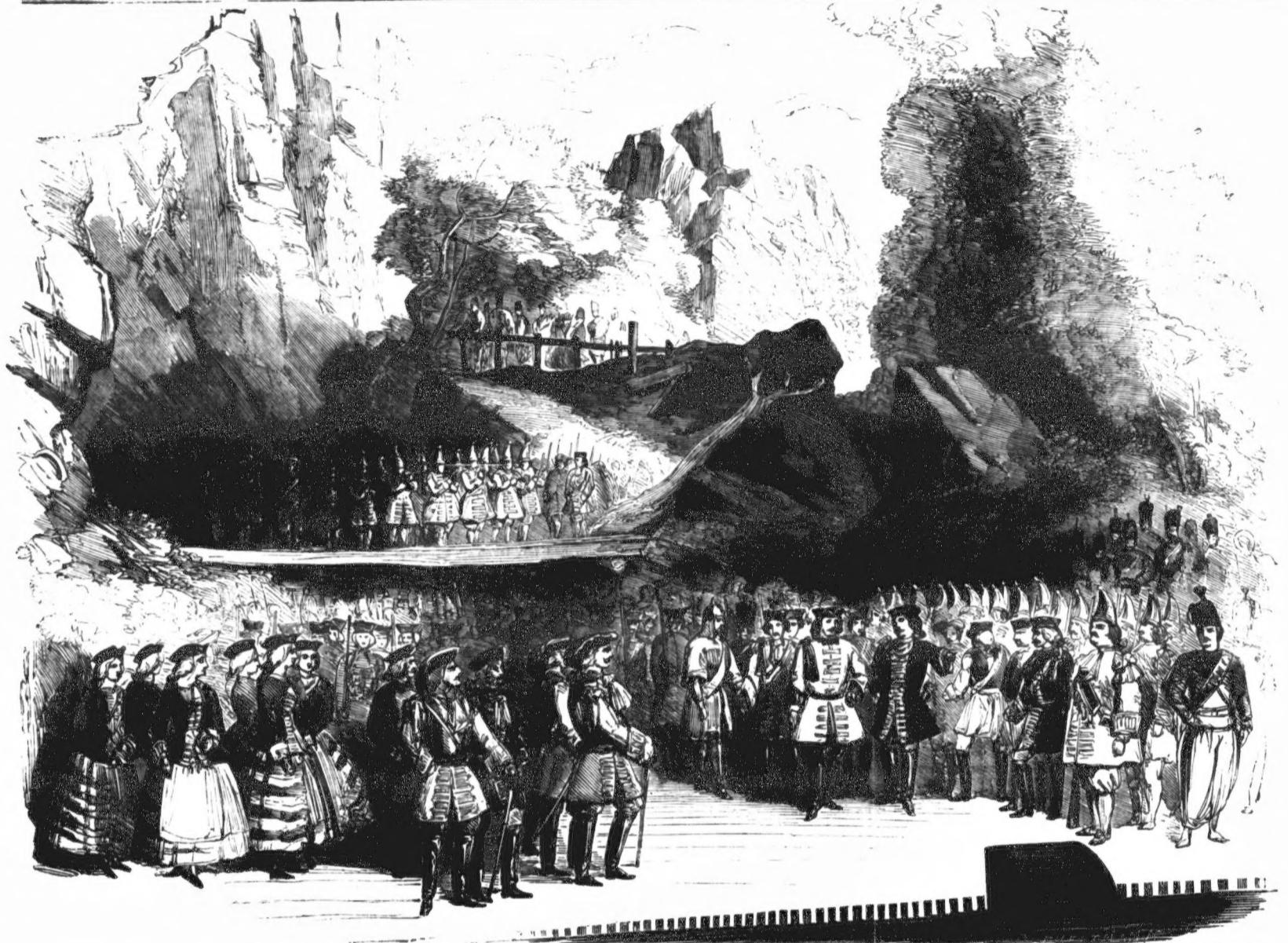
The learned judge said he concurred in the verdict, but he could not help at the same time expressing his opinion that Mr. Fechter had misunderstood the nature of the agreement that was entered into, and that he had given his evidence as to contract under this impression.

A MONSTER PEACH CROP.—The peach crop in New Jersey will be large. One man, Benjamin Reed, of Eightstown, has 180,000 trees, and has prepared to send 24,000 baskets to market.—*Missouri Democrat*.

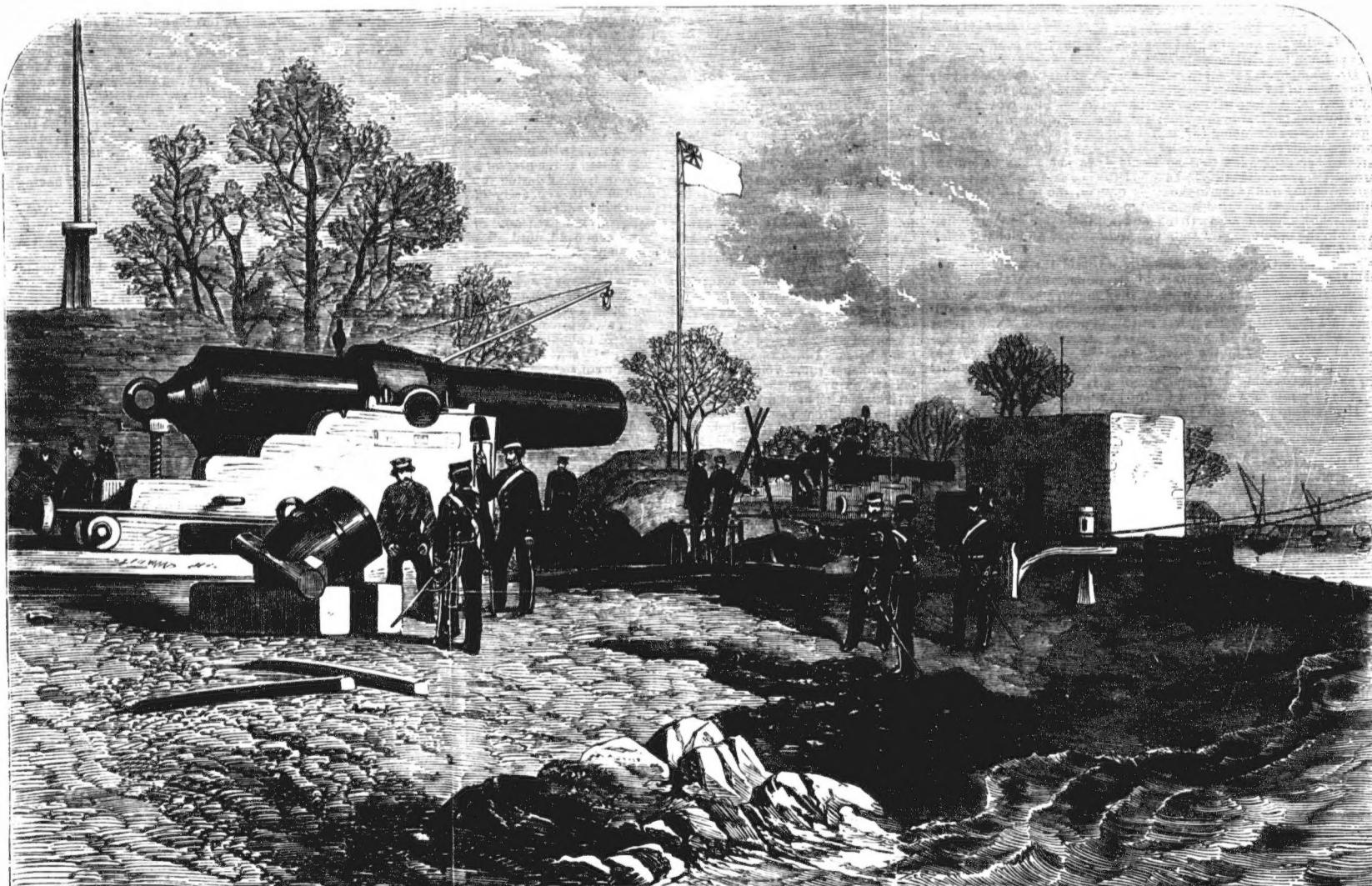
BURNING A MAN WITH A RED HOT POKER.—At the Derby Assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, on Wednesday, Eliza Hoyland, aged forty-eight, a publican, was brought up for sentence for burning Thomas Shooter, at Chesterfield, with a poker. From the evidence it appeared that the man was a tramp, or beggar of some sort, and was in the house of defendant on the 11th instant, very drunk, and refusing to leave. The landlady threatened that if he did not pay what was due, and go, she would apply a hot poker to a certain part of his person, and she put the poker in the fire for the purpose. It was also stated that the man gave considerable offence by the imperfect state of his garments, which caused an indecent exposure, and that his condition and conduct were disgusting and unbearable. As he refused to go, the defendant at length got a man to put him on the ground, face downwards, and while in that position she carried out her threat, and put the red hot poker against his flesh through an aperture in his trousers. The surgeon, who had examined Shooter, said he found appearances of burning and excoriation on the man's buttocks. They were small, but had the appearance of burns. Witness did not think the poker could have been as hot as represented, or the burns would have been more serious. The defendant, who had been liberated on bail, pleaded guilty, excusing her conduct on the grounds already mentioned, and expressing her sorrow. His lordship severely commented on the offence, and sentenced the woman to three years' penal servitude. She seemed utterly astonished and overcome by the sentence.

Two uncoloured tess are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Messrs. London, through their agents in town and country. These tess combine fineness with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tess in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]



SCENE FROM THE OPERA "L'ETOILE DU NORD," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. (See page 106.)



SHOEBURYNESS.—GETTING THE GUNS INTO POSITION FOR THE COMPETITION TRIALS. (See page 103.)



RAMSGATE SANDS. (From the Celebrated Picture by W. P. Frith, Esq.) (See page 103.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Weber's grand and romantic opera of "Oberon" has again been revived. In 1860 "Oberon" was first brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith—not, however, in the regular season, but as an opening to his "cheap" or "supplementary" season—and was played some five or six nights with success. The cast then comprised the names of Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Albion, Signors Mongini, Belart, Everard, Gassier, &c. The present cast includes Mdlle. Titiens as Reiza, Mdlle. Trebelli as Fatima, Mdlle. Grossi as Puck, Mdlle. Volpini as the Mermaid, Signor Bettini as Oberon, Signor Gardoni as Sir Huon, Signor Gassier as Babekan, Signor Casaboni as Haroun el Baschid, and Mr. Sandley as Sherasmin—a complete and almost unparalleled cast. With such singers it is needless to say that the vocal music was given to perfection. Mdlle. Titiens was magnificent in the music of Reiza, as she was last year and in 1860, singing the great scene "Ocean, thou mighty monster" with prodigious force and brilliancy—not her only grand display, nevertheless; Mdlle. Trebelli was encored in both the songs of Fatima, which she gave with exquisite sweetness and the utmost finish; Mdlle. Grossi made quite a sensation in Puck, and showed high dramatic and vocal capabilities in the long and arduous recitative in which Puck recounts to Oberon the adventure of Sir Huon at the court or in the kingdom of Charlemagne; Mdlle. Volpini gave the song of the "Mermaid" deliciously; Signor Bettini went quite beyond himself in the music of Oberon, singing the florid passages with surprising ease and facility; Signor Gardoni, although wanting in power for the music of Sir Huon, sang like a thorough artist, and was loudly applauded in the grand scene; while Mr. Sandley and Signor Gassier could not be surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in their share of the performance in the small parts of Sherasmin and Babekan respectively. The band and chorus were both admirable, and a finer performance of the glorious glowing overture has seldom (if ever) been heard. The encore was vehement and irresistible. "Oberon" at Her Majesty's Theatre would be well worth seeing, even if it were for nothing else than the splendid manner in which it is mounted; its many pictorial changes and illusions, its brilliant assemblage of fairies, water nymphs, and dancing girls; the splendour and novelty of its tableaux, the richness and variety of the costumes, and the magnificence of the appointments.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The reproduction of Meyerbeer's grand historical opera, "L'Étoile du Nord," so late in the season—in the very last week indeed—may cause some surprise. It has been, however, the policy almost invariably pursued by the director of the Royal Italian Opera, and a very good policy too, to our thinking. A new opera produced, or a favourite opera revived, if given for a few nights previous to the termination of the season, only helps to stimulate curiosity, and keeps, as it were, a success at nurse for the ensuing spring. It is fortunate for the "Étoile du Nord" that it is capable of being converted into a grand spectacle, or we are satisfied it could never succeed greatly on the stage. In addition to the music being so learned and deep, and fitting to the voices so indifferently, the story is neither interesting nor well told. Peter the Great is represented as a drunken sot, and so given to ebullitions of passion that he is ready to strike a woman, even the woman he loves. This may be historically true, but drunkenness or ungovernable passion, no more than fatuity, is the proper prey of the satirist or poet. Such sensational coups may be all very pretty and allowable at the Opera Comique, but are rather out of place at Covent Garden. That everything that could be done has been done at Covent Garden to achieve a triumphant success for the "Étoile du Nord" may at once be stated; and most of all has been done by Mr. Augustus Harris, the stage manager, by Mr. W. W. Beverley, the scene painter, and by the artists costumiers. The cast, however, is not to be compared with that of 1855, which, be it understood, is no fault of Mr. Gye's, who can only discover and engage artists, not make them. The part of Caterina had been intended for Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, but the withdrawal of that lady from the establishment necessitated a new Caterina, and the selection fell upon Madame Miolan-Carvalho, who was engaged expressly, thereby indicating the extreme liberality of the director, who had in his company an artist like Mdlle. Ariot, no less talented and no less popular. Of course, neither Madame Miolan-Carvalho nor Mdlle. Ariot could be accepted as a substitute for Madame Bosio, the original Caterina. Besides Madame Miolan-Carvalho, the cast included Mdlle. Maria Brunetti (Prasovia), Madame Ruderendorf (Natalia), Mdlle. Jenny Bauer (Echimone), Signor Naudin (Danilowitz), Signor Neri-Baraldi (Georgio), M. Faure (Pistro), Signor Clampi (Gritzenko), &c. Mdlle. Maria Brunetti was announced as about to make her first appearance in England. This is an oversight. Mdlle. Brunetti made her first appearance in England at Her Majesty's Theatre as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," on Saturday, May 12, 1860, with Signor Mongini as the Duke, and Signor Sebastian Boncini, brother of the Boncini, as the Jester. Mdlle. Brunetti sang well four years since at Her Majesty's Theatre, and, as may be supposed—being then so young and a pupil of the renowned Duprez—had made great progress. In fact, Mdlle. Brunetti sang so well on Saturday that comparisons made between her and the Caterina of the evening, when they were singing together—more particularly in the long duet in the first act, so peculiarly quaint and French—were by no means favourable to the latter. Madame Miolan-Carvalho, indeed, was not in her best voice, and sang much beneath herself until towards the end of the opera. Her singing out of tune at the commencement of the evening may be set down to anxiety in undertaking for the first time a very arduous part, and one so dearly recommended to the London public by the singing of Angiola-Bosio. As is usual with Madame Carvalho, she did not fatigue herself by laborious attempts at histrionic display. M. Faure was in some respects even better than Herr Formes in Pietro. If less bluff and hearty in his acting, and wanting in the deep powerful voice, his singing was more artistic, and his notion of the character more subtle—although, we believe, no subtlety in the delineation was dreamt of by M. Scribe. M. Faure indeed created a marked sensation by his performance of Pietro, which may be pronounced his most able and satisfactory achievement. The piece which met with greatest favour from the audience on Saturday evening were the lovely air of Caterina at the end of the first act, "Vegli del ciel su lor," which forms one of the subjects of the overture, and is subsequently introduced in the course of the opera; the pastry-cook's song, "Chi ne vuol? Son qui, son qui," so tuneful and full of character; the duet for Caterina and Prasovia, already alluded to; the beautiful and original duet for Caterina and Peter in the first act, "Di qual citta sei tu?" the charming morceau de danse in the second act which tantalizes by reminding one of something which one cannot remember; and the arioso of Danilowitz in the third act, "Disperso il crin," the melody of the opera. The success of the revival was triumphant, and there is no doubt the "Étoile du Nord" will constitute one of the eminent attractions of next season. On page 104 will be found an illustration taken from one of the scenes in the opera.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This establishment was re-opened for six nights, on Saturday evening last, under the same management as last season—Mr. Edgar as lessee, and Miss Marriott as director; and, after the performance of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama of "Black-eyed Susan" (the part of William being admirably played by Mr. Edmund Phelps), what was termed a "dress rehearsal" of a new and original burlesque of the "Bohemian Girl," written by Messrs. Henry Bollingham and William Best, was given for the first time. A minute or two previous to the rising of the curtain for the

burlesque an apology was made by Mr. T. B. Bennett on behalf of Miss Minnie Davis, who had been announced for the part of Thaddeus ("a Pole-in-a-can, but no poltroon"), who had been taken very suddenly and seriously ill, and Mr. Bennett claimed indulgence for a young lady (not named), who had kindly undertaken to fill the character at a moment's notice, but who, we may add, achieved the task in a most creditable manner under the circumstances. It would be a useless task to attempt to give a detailed idea of the plot—if plot there be. The first scene introduces us to the chateau and grounds of Count Arnhelm, the Governor of Prezburg (Mr. J. Panting), who is accompanied by his nephew Florestein. While the count is indulging in a meditative mood, Buda (the nurse) rushes on the stage with a perambulator, in which is seated the child, who has just swallowed her doll's head. The Count bids the nurse "an emetic bring—some cheap French wine." Devilshoof ("a gipsy up to anything") becomes a very important personage in the piece, and the character was cleverly sustained by Mr. T. W. Neale. Thaddeus is hunted down by the police, but is screened from discovery by the gipsies, the penalty, however, being that he is compelled to become one of the gipsy tribe. The lady is stolen by Devilshoof, and much fun follows. The Queen of the Gipsies bestirs herself to blight the hopes of Thaddeus, the aspirant to the hand of Arline, who is, of course, the long-lost daughter of the Count Arnhelm, and after the usual miseries which are patent to lovers on the stage, and which demonstrate that the course of true love never did run smooth, the young couple are bound in the silken bonds, Thaddeus proving himself to be of noble birth. The piece abounds with an endless succession of puns and smart repartees, which excite great laughter and are very clever. Several parades on air in the opera of the "Bohemian Girl," &c., are introduced. Miss Stonor, who played Arline, sang a travesty on "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," and "Ever of Thee." The piece has been brought out with much care, and the scenic department, with the grouping of the characters, are creditable to those concerned. The burlesque is, on the whole, calculated to afford entertainment to those whose tastes are gratified by this class of bagatelle compositions. It appears that owing to previous arrangements, it will be impossible to perform the new burlesque beyond the 29th inst. We are bound to say that the piece requires the application of the pruning-knife; it is much too long, and the interest flags in consequence.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The ninth, and last but one, of the series of operatic concerts took place on Saturday, and, in spite of the fast approaching close of the London season, was attended by almost as great a number of visitors as any of its predecessors. The audience, nine-tenths of which were ladies, however, either enervated by the sinfulness of the weather or *blase* by the continuous whirl of pleasure during the last few months, failed to exhibit that enthusiasm which had been evinced at most of the previous concerts, although listening to such *artistes* as Mdlles. Ariot, Fricci, Marie Battu, Signor Graziani and Attri, who all sang in their best style. Signor Graziani, on this occasion, sang for the first time an aria, expressly composed for him by Signor Boda, "Un infelice veglio," a pleasing and meritorious composition, which the popular baritone sang in his happiest manner. Signor Mario alone was enabled to dispel the lethargic spirit which seemed to hover over the double-borne refined, but decidedly apathetic audience, and him they loudly recalled at the close of the two solos he sang—"Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Esir d'Amore") and "The shades of evening" ("Clay")—and, after his duet with Mdlle. Ariot, "Si la stancheza" ("Il Trovatore"). Signor Mario good-naturedly sang once more each of his pieces encored, and showed in his voice but slight evidence of the arduous duties which have been imposed upon him during the present season. The other vocal performances comprised the grand duet of Semiramide and Asur, "Se la vita," from "Semiramide," by Mdlle. Fricci and Signor Attri; "Qui la voce" ("Il Puritano"), and rondo, "La Morale" ("Don Pasquale"), by Mdlle. Marie Battu; Rode's "Air and Variations," and "Una voce," by Mdlle. Ariot, and the grand air, with chorus, "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by Mdlle. Fricci. The chorus, moreover, gave the "Kermesse" scene from "Faust" with great effect, and joined the band in the Turkish march, with chorus, from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The band executed the overture to "Stradella." Next Saturday will take place the tenth and last of the operatic concerts; and the directors, who have evidently tried to make attractions proceed *crescendo*, have, in order worthily to crown what our American cousins call "the summit of the climax," secured the services of the Dowager Queen of Song—Gisela Grisi.

MR. MELTON LEE has entered into contracts with a City firm for great alterations in the City Theatre previous to his winter season. The roof is to be raised, and other very great improvements, which will render it one of the most comfortable in London. Engagements are pending with several first-class *artistes*.

THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS—This mechanical vocalist, now open to public inspection at St. James's Hall, may be safely pronounced one of the most extraordinary results of skill and perseverance belonging to modern times. Apart from this, the invention furnishes, beyond all doubt, the closest resemblance to the human voice ever produced by purely mechanical means. The faithful imitation of the vocal *tone* is very remarkable. The words of the different songs are articulated with marvelous distinctness and final consonants given with a certainty which leaves nothing to be desired. Of the many attempts which have been made to imitate nature in this particular Anthropoglossos is far in advance of its predecessors. The sounds are produced from a waxen head of rather colossal proportions, suspended from the ceiling by two brass chains. The complex machinery by which the words are uttered is contained in the head, the air being passed through tubes from small bellows placed lower down. A piece of metal, like the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, is inserted between the lips, and the sounds are thus better conveyed to the audience. The songs given by the mechanical vocalist are "A Gipsy's Life," "Polly Perkins," "Annie Lyle," "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and "God Save the Queen."

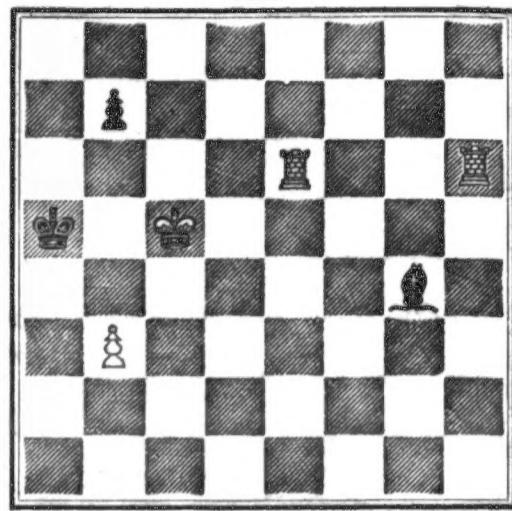
PRESENTATION TO MDLLE. TITIENS.—The service which Mdlle. Titiens, by her earnest and legitimate lyrical impersonations, has rendered to the cause of music, is beyond all question, and deserving of the warmest acknowledgment. Besides being endowed by nature with one of the noblest voices ever heard on the operatic stage, and also with histrionic capabilities to an equal degree, Mdlle. Titiens, in her use of these great gifts, has always shown herself to be an artist in the strongest sense of the word. A magnificent diamond bracelet, and a pair of diamond earrings, of the richest and costliest design, with an appropriate inscription, recording the occasion of the gift and the names of the donors engraved on vellum, were last week presented to Mdlle. Titiens at her residence in the Regent's-park. The distinguished party presenting the gift represented a large body of notabilities in the fashionable world, who were subscribers to the token to the illustrious artiste. They were headed by the Countess of Lincoln, who was accompanied by the Lady Sandys, his Grace the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Stratmore, the Earl of Hardwick, the Earl of Wilton, Major Blake, and Mr. Bligh, M.P.

PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN TO THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE.—A handsomely-bound copy of the "Spectacles of the late Prince-Consort" has arrived, as a gift from the Queen to the South Australian Institute. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by its bearing an inscription with her Majesty's autograph, to the effect that it is presented "as a memento of her great and good husband by his broken-hearted widow."—South Australian Paper.

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 195.—By T. SMITH, Esq.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game between Mr. Rainger and another amateur.

White.

Mr. Rainger.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q B 3
5. Kt to K Kt 5
6. P takes P
7. P to Q 3
8. Q to K B 3
9. B takes Kt
10. B to K 3
11. P takes B
12. Castle (a)
13. B to Q Kt 3
14. Kt to Q 2
15. Kt to K 4
16. Q to K Kt 3 (e)
17. Q to K R 4
18. B to K 5
19. B to R 5
20. Q to K B square
21. P takes B
22. R takes K P (e)
23. B to K 3
24. R takes K P (f)
25. P to K 5
26. P takes P
27. Q to K Kt 4
28. R interposes
29. Q to R 3
30. R takes Kt P

Black resigns.

(a) White has slightly the advantage in position. If B takes Kt, Black would retake with P, having a preferable game.

(b) Why not B to K 5?

(c) Threatening to win the Q.

(d) Perhaps best. White has a very strong game.

(e) Overlooked by Black.

(f) R to K 7 looks tempting, and we believe it would lead to the capture of Black Q—but at the expense of two Rooks, which White did not seem disposed to part with.

(g) P to K Kt 4 we consider best, although it exposes Black's game terribly.

E. W. (Kingston)—White could not take the Pawn as *passant* on a subsequent occasion. The Pawn must always be taken when the occasion presents itself.

G. FARNCH.—You cannot legally relieve your King from check by castling. Your problem is under examination.

EVANS' GAMBIT.—This *objet* was introduced by Captain Evans. Mr. Waller is of opinion that the second player can maintain the gambit Pawn with no inferiority of position.

W. B.—We think that Black should, under the circumstances to which you allude, be allowed to recast the move.

C. WELD.—1. It is only a Pawn that can take en *passant*. 2. The "A.B.C. of Chess," published by Mr. Dixie, of Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

TESTIMONIAL TO MISS LOUISE PYNE.—This lady has been for years acknowledged as one of the most legitimate and stirring vocalists of the operatic stage. This, it must be admitted, is a most enviable position to have attained; but a recognition of her private worth, as a kind, courteous, and well-bred lady, is, perhaps, calculated to show most completely the estimation in which Miss Pyne is held by the musical public and connoisseurs. A most significant tribute of admiration and respect was rendered to this lady on Thursday week in the presentation of a service of silver plate, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire. The chairman, Mr. Richards, read an address to Miss Pyne, and presented the testimonial in the name of the committee and subscribers. The accomplished recipient then returned thanks for the honour, and Mr. Foster White conveyed the thanks of the subscribers to the chairman and committee. The idea of the presentation is associated with the name of Miss Clift, a lady in no way connected with the profession.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says the official records of the military authorities in that city show that upwards of 150 female recruits have been discovered and made to resume the garments of their sex. It is supposed that nearly all these were in collusion with men who were examined by the surgeons and accepted, after which the fair ones substituted themselves and came on to the war. Curiously enough, over seventy of these martial demoiselles, when their sex was discovered, were acting as officers' servants. In one regiment there were seventeen officers' servants, in blue blouses and pants, who had to be clothed in calico and crinoline. Even a general, who had won many laurels in the war, had a handsome, fresh-looking, "detailed man" acting as his clerk, whose real name turned out to be Mary Jane G——, and who has parents in Trenton who are estimable members of society.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

THREATENING THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Edward C. Pope was brought up on remand charged with writing certain letters, in which he threatened the lives of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Dr. B. G. Grey, and other parties. The prisoner when placed in the dock and throughout the examination, presented an entire change of manner from that which he had exhibited on the former occasion. Then he was gloomy and morose, but now he conduced grinning and giggling in an imbecile manner throughout the proceedings. It was stated that after his removal from the court on the former hearing he had attempted to commit suicide by strangling himself. The depositions sworn on the former occasion were read over by Mr. Humphreys, the second clerk, and the following evidence was taken:—Dr. William Chapman Begley, physician at the Hanwell Asylum, deposed: I received the letter produced on yesterday's day, 14th July, at about ten o'clock in the morning. I opened and read it at one o'clock. I believe it to be in the handwriting of the prisoner, though it is rather more hurried and not so well written as his usual manner. I have frequently had letters from him; he has handed me letters to forward to his friends for him. He was received into the asylum in July, 1863, when he was suffering from delusions. He remained till the end of May in the present year. He was under my care during the whole of this time, except in September, when I was absent. He left the asylum on the 31st of May, with his mother, having been discharged as recovered some days previously. He had been very closely watched for about five months, and all delusions had passed away. In the interval between his discharge and the writing of that letter I had heard of him, but not with regard to his delusions. The first intimation I had of anything of this sort was the receipt of that letter. Apparent soundness of mind might co-exist with dangerous delusions, but they did not exist to my knowledge. He had given them up before Christmas. Mr. Vaughan: Many dangerous delusions exist, and yet there may be sufficient mind to distinguish right from wrong. Dr. Begley: That is a very much disputed point. I would rather not give an opinion on it. Mr. Vaughan: Have you any doubt that he is now labouring under delusions that might be dangerous to the person whom he threatens? Dr. Begley: I have no doubt of it, and that is why I sent the letter to Mr. Halswell. Mr. E. Halswell said: I am a magistrate of the county of Middlesex. I received the letter produced from Dr. Begley, and gave it to Sergeant Thomas. On the previous Saturday, the 9th inst., the prisoner had called on me. He was with me about half an hour. He had some conversation about his prospects and intentions. I asked him if he was of intemperate habits. He said no—he belonged to a temperance society. I gave him some money to buy tools. I could not detect any delusions at that time, though—having been a Commissioneer in Lunacy—I have had some experience in such matters. Mr. Vaughan: Prisoner, the charge against you is, that you did unlawfully and maliciously send to Dr. Begley, and caused to be received by him, a letter threatening to take his life and the lives of divers persons. If you wish to say anything, now is the time for you to say it, but you are not obliged to say anything unless you wish, and if you do say anything it will be taken down in writing, and may be used in evidence against you. The prisoner (laughing vacuously): No, I have nothing to say, only that I am not a lunatic. He was committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court.

THE ROAD TO LUX.—William Joseph Charles Phillips, late clerk to the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada at the Montreal Station, was charged with having stolen a bag containing a sum of 3,951 dollars in notes and silver from the station at Montreal. Mr. Sleigh, instructed by Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, and Son, solicitors to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, conducted the prosecution. Mr. Sleigh, in stating the case to the magistrate, said the defendant was a clerk in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company at the station at Montreal, and in the course of his duties in that capacity he had to assist the paymaster in making up and setting aside in different safes a number of sums of money, to be forwarded to different stations on the line for the payment of wages. That was on the 6th April. On the following day, the 7th April, the prisoner applied for leave of absence for one day, which was granted, and he went away, but never returned. A few days later it was found that one of the bags intended for the Berriau Station, and containing in cash and notes the sum of 3,951 dollars, 20 cents, had been abstracted. Information was received that he had not only sailed for England, but had been seen in London, and accordingly the present proceeding were taken. He was prepared to put in the depositions which had been taken in Canada, but indeed there could be no stronger evidence against the prisoner than what he himself voluntarily said to the officer who apprehended him. Sergeant Langley deposed: I took the defendant in custody on Thursday night, at the Hanwell Station, upon a warrant issued at Montreal, in Canada, and endorsed by Sir George Grey. I found him at the station with two ladies. I said, "Your name is Phillips." He said, "Yes, it is." I said, "I am a police officer, and I have a warrant to apprehend you." I had another constable with me. We took him to the police station, where I stated the charge to him, and asked if he had anything to say against it. He replied, "No; it is quite correct." He afterwards said, "I have been a very foolish fellow; I have been down to the Derby and lost a lot of money to card-sharp." He also told me he had spent money knocking about the Haymarket and other places. I had traced him from a place to place until I found him, from information which I had received. Charles U. Barker: I have charge of the accounts of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in London. I have been in Canada. I saw the prisoner in Montreal in September last. He was then a clerk to the company, and when I quitted Montreal I left him there in that capacity. The depositions taken in Canada were then put in, and some other evidence was adduced. The prisoner, who made no observation whatever in defence, was committed for trial. He was removed in custody of Sergeant Langley, whose duty it will be to convey him back to Canada.

A QUAKER CUSTOMER.—A miserable-looking elderly man, named Henry Sanders, wearing no coat, but a very dirty and ragged light waistcoat and red shirt, and with the battered remains of what once had been a hat, stuck on one side of his head, was charged with stealing a coat. On being placed in the dock the prisoner, at the gaoler's suggestion, but somewhat reluctantly, took off his hat and stuck out his elbow in a grotesque fashion, having the hat thereon. The prisoner was at once recognized by the officers of the court as having on former occasions been charged at this court with various offences, arising more from eccentricity than deliberate dishonesty. He appears to have suffered terribly from poverty and dissipation, and is thought to be hardly capable of taking care of himself. Alderman, one of the beadle of Covent Garden Market, said the prisoner was brought to this court a few days ago for stealing flowers in the market. Some of his friends then promised that he should be removed to the workhouse to be taken care of, but that had not been done. George Thorpe, a salesman in the market, said that on Friday he saw the prisoner hanging about his stand and a few minutes afterwards he missed a coat belonging to his brother. It was lying on the stand within reach of any one standing by. The prisoner: A strange place to leave a coat one would think. You wanted it taken. Mr. Thorpe went on to say that the prisoner had been seen lying about the market every day, but without the coat and he was suspected there appeared to be no sufficient proof to justify his apprehension till this morning, when witness saw him with the coat on and gave him into custody. The prisoner: I had been unfortunate, and had had my coat torn from my back, and I was very cold. I saw the coat lying about as if it did not belong to any one, and it was a temptation. William Thorpe, brother of the former witness, said the coat was his property and worth 10s. When he left it on the stand there was a half-crown in the pocket. The prisoner: There was no half-crown in it I will swear. If there had been I should have spent it. (A laugh.) Witness: There was a half-crown, and I have no doubt you did spend it. The prisoner: I should have been glad of it. I was very hard up. I was hungry, and had no bed. But you must be a very foolish person to leave your money in your coat. Mr. Flowers: Well, I suppose you don't disown that it was foolish? Witness (laughing): No, I don't deny that. The prisoner: Haven't you a purse or a waistcoat? I always use my waistcoat pocket to keep my money in. (A laugh.) For my part, I think a purse a very unessential thing. (A laugh.) I never require a purse. (Laughter.) The prisoner was remanded for a week.

WESTMINSTER.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION.—Mr. George O'Malley Irwin, whose name is not familiar to the public in connection with the Galway Packet contract, and in a charge exhibited by him against Mr. Lever, M.P., at this court on Saturday made the following application to Mr. Seife:—He said it was with much pain that he now renewed an application which he had formerly made, with an addition. He begged to ask for a summons against Sir George Grey, for wilful and corrupt perjury, the circumstances of which he would state. Mr. Seife interrupted him by observing that if he would submit his application in writing, in the form of a deposition, he would give it his 'utmost attention.' Applicant said he had a second charge of a higher character to prefer against Sir George Grey. Mr. Seife requested him to state its nature. Applicant observed that it was for treason, not in his private capacity, but as Secretary of State. For high treason in the violation of an Act of Parliament, supreme power not being in the sovereign, but in the Act of Parliament. It was well known that it was treason. Mr. Seife

told applicant that he could not have the time of the court taken up with observations the purport of which he did not understand. Applicant pressed the magistrate to grant him summonses for witnesses to support his charge of high treason. Mr. Seife repeated that he could not grant summonses for witnesses till there was a suit or process going on in the court. Applicant was clearly exhibiting want of capacity or willfulness in not understanding what he had told him. Not to waste more time, he begged to know the precise nature of the charge he now made. Applicant said his application was under the petition of Right Act. Sir George Grey had committed treason against the state, which was the higher crime known in the law. The Queen swore that she would govern in accordance with the law, and his charge against Sir George Grey was that he had told her Majesty not to issue a writ under the Petition of Right Act; advising the Queen not to comply with her coronation oath, and not to have the course of law proceeded with, was the offence of which Sir George Grey had been guilty. Mr. Seife declared that he had no idea of what applicant meant. Who was the high treason against? Applicant replied: Against the law. Mr. Seife put an end to the matter by observing, "You are talking nonsense; stand down, and let me go on with the other business of the court."

CLERKENWELL.

Wife Disgraced.—Mr. Thompson, solicitor, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt on behalf of Mrs. Paschay, of Camden-street, for an order, under the 51st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, to protect her property and earnings, acquired since the date of her disunion, against her husband and his creditors. The applicant stated that she was married to her husband, a solicitor's clerk, about eight years since, and he deserted her after they had lived together for three months. He sold her business, and as he had nothing to support her, she went with him to live with her parents. After living there some time, he was told by them that they would support her but not him. He then went away, leaving her when she had only been confined one week. She met him about six months since, and she then asked him what he was going to do for her, and he said he was out of work and that he wanted something done for him. She had been supported by her parents ever since her husband deserted her. Mr. D'Eyncourt inquired what property it was that she required protection for. The applicant said that she contemplated teaching music, and her father would also leave her something at his decease. Mr. D'Eyncourt said that unless her father died it up slightly, what he left to her would belong to her husband. Did the applicant know that her husband was going away when he left? The applicant said that she was aware that her parents told her husband that they would not support him in idleness any longer, but that they would keep her and her child. Previous to that, and ever since, he had done nothing towards her support, and when she last spoke to him about the matter he treated her application as a good joke. To the best of her belief her husband was still in London. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he did not think that this was such a desertion as was contemplated by the Act of Parliament, for the husband did not leave the wife until he was requested to do so. She had better see her husband and again ask him to support her, and if he refused she could apply again to the court. He must now refuse the order.—Mrs. Mary Murray, of Orchard-street, St. Luke's, also applied for an order to protect her property and earnings against her husband and his creditors. The applicant stated that she was deserted by her husband twenty-four years since, and until a very recent period had carried on business in Red Cross-street. Her husband, when he was with her, treated her in a most shameful manner. He was in the constant habit of squandering her earnings in drink, and when in that state—and it was of daily occurrence—he beat her in the most shameful manner, and it was a rare event for her to be without a black eye or a bruised face. She threatened to put the law in force against her husband, and he then deserted her, and told her she could shift for herself, for if she was starving he would nothing for her. Having worked hard and supported herself for the past twenty-four years, she now asked for protection, for from what she heard she was afraid that her husband would again visit and take away from her her hard-earned savings for the purpose of supplying him with drink. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked applicant if she knew where her husband was? The applicant said she had not seen him for some time, but she had good reason to believe that he was somewhere about the neighbourhood of St. Luke's. He was no good to her, and therefore she did not and should not trouble herself to find him. He was a good-for-nothing sort of fellow, or he would not have treated her in the vile and cruel manner he had. She was a good hard-working wife to him, but he did not know how to appreciate a good woman like her. (A laugh.) Mr. D'Eyncourt told the applicant that she could have his order, but for it to be of use to her to protect her property, she must register it in the county court of the district in which she resided. The applicant thanked his worship and retired.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A STRANGE ANNOYER.—A respectably-dressed female, who said her name was Sanders, and that she lived in Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road, waited upon Mr. Knot to make a complaint against a foreigner who annoyed her, and to ask the magistrate's advice. Mr. Knot: What is the nature of your complaint? Applicant: A foreigner has an electrifying machine, and he is always electrifying me. Wherever I go he follows me about and electrifies me, and I can get no rest at night. It has been going on for a long time, and I am always being subjected to electric shocks. It does not matter where I live; it is the same in every house. When I pass a public-house he electrifies me, and experiments upon me to show the people his power over me. I can refer you to persons who know the truth of what I state, and I have a witness of the man's conduct towards me. Mr. Knot: Perhaps you will give me some of the names of persons who know you? The applicant then mentioned the names of some persons. Mr. Knot: If you call again in a week I will let you know what can be done. Applicant: I am much obliged to you. The applicant left the court very pleased, and seemingly much relieved in her mind, and Mr. Knot ordered one of the officers to make some inquiries respecting her, so that her friends might be communicated with.

A DUTIFUL SON.—Arthur Delfose, son of Mr. Philip Delfose, the keeper of a cafe at 58, Haymarket, was charged with assaulting his father and mother and also breaking a looking-glass and other articles of the value of £5. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the complainant: Leon Duschesne, a waiter at the cafe, said: Yesterday morning I was in the supper-room at the cafe. I heard Mr. Delfose ask his son for some money. The son (the prisoner) then struck his father, and knocked him down, and smashes a looking-glass and other articles with his fist. Mr. Delfose came up stairs, and the prisoner then said, "There's one for you," and struck his mother in the face, and gave her a black eye. Prisoner: I do not remember striking my mother. My father asked me for a guinea from a gentleman who came in with a female. I told him that there were as for strawberries, 5s. for a bed-room, and 12s. for a bottle of champagne, and that I would give it him if he did not strike me, but he struck me, and I defended myself. Mrs. Adele Delfose: My son struck me in the face, giving me a black eye. Mr. Lewis: He has frequently assaulted and abused you? Mr. Delfose: He has. Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the prisoner for a month for assaulting his mother, and fined him 10s. or fourteen days for assaulting his father, and ordered to pay the damage, and a fine of £2 or six weeks.

ASSAULTING AND THREATENING A PROSECUTRIX.—Elizabeth McDonald, a young woman, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt on a warrant, with assaulting and threatening a young woman named Minnie Wilson. The complainant was prosecutrix in April last, against a man named Howard, the keeper of a night-house in the Haymarket, for taking her away from her father's house, she being under the age of sixteen at the time. Howard was tried at the Central Criminal Court, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The complainant said that in April last, and while Howard's trial was pending, the prisoner came up to her in Russell-street, about eight o'clock in the evening, and said, "I will have your life if you appear against Howard," at the same time striking her in a most violent manner and giving her a frightful black eye, and knocking her down senseless. She applied to Mr. Knox, the magistrate, who was then sitting, and he granted the warrant against the prisoner. Mr. Tyrwhitt inquired of the complainant if the prisoner had done anything to her since April? The complainant said that on Saturday morning last she was passing the end of St. Martin's-street with a gentleman when the prisoner took out a knife and exclaimed, with an oath, "I mean to have your life, at the same time making a stab which the gentleman received on his arm. The prisoner said the complainant was living with the person she previously lived with. She had no wish to hurt the complainant. Mr. Tyrwhitt thought, if what the prisoner said was true, it was very likely he would do it again. The boy suddenly ran away, and leaving the female he saw the purse produced dropped by one of them, but he could not say which. Mrs. Flaxman identified the purse and contents as her property. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Do the boys want to say anything? Healey: Yes, we want

three years. Mr. Tyrwhitt: It is a rather extraordinary request, but I think under the circumstances it would be about as good a thing as could be done, and with that view I shall remand them for a week, when their parents can attend. The boys, who seemed very pleased at the result, were then remanded.

MARYLEBONE.

NOR FIT TO WEAR THE QUEEN'S UNIFORM.—John Massey, a stout young Irishman, was charged as under:—A grey-haired old woman, the mother of the prisoner, who had a deep cut over her eye, from which blood was oozing, said: This morning my son beat me. Mr. Yardley: What for? Mother: Because I wouldn't give him any butter for his breakfast; and, sir, I can't afford it, as he won't work, and his father is in the country. He's lazy, and I had to pull him out of bed this morning. He's often beat me, but I didn't like to go again him. Mr. Yardley: Did he give you that wound over the eye. Mother: He did, sir. He struck me with his fist, and I think he had something in it. Mr. Yardley: Don't he do anything to support you? Mother: No, sir—he won't; he is in the militia. Prisoner: Don't believe her—she is a drunkard. John Donovan, 96 D, proved seeing the prisoner strike his mother, he took him into custody. Sergeant Neale, 26 D: The mother is a very hard-working old woman. She carries out milk. I have known her for several years, and never saw her nor worse for liquor. The prisoner is a lazy scoundrel. Mr. Stanley (the usher): I have repeatedly seen the prisoner knock his mother about, and have stopped him. Mr. Yardley said that her Majesty's uniform ought not to be disgraced by such a ruffian. He must suffer one month's imprisonment.

WORSHIP STREET.

A KISS AND NOTHING MORE.—John Sullivan, an Irish bricklayer, was charged with the following assault:—Mrs. Caroline Garidge, residing at Ham-le-Race, Sackville-street, on Thursday afternoon I was passing along the Amherst-road, Shacklewell, in company with a lady, when suddenly some person behind us almost jumped upon me, held me tight, pulled my head back, and kissed me. I struggled and got away from him, but not before I had scratched his face in endeavouring to keep it from mine. The prisoner is the person who so misconducted himself, and naturally indignant at it, I gave him into custody. Some persons commended me for so doing, and others laughed. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth O'Conor, sister-in-law of complainant, confirmed this statement, adding, "Yes, she certainly gave him a good clawing, and rightly it served him." The fellow, at mention of the fact, pointed to his cheek, which bore undeniable evidence of the punishment he had in that wise received, and which he appeared to consider payment in full. Mr. Cooke: Do you wish to ask any questions or say anything? Prisoner: I'm very sorry. I did it, but I couldn't help it. I'll never do it again. I was inebriate. Mr. Cooke (severely): You couldn't help it? What do you mean by that? The fellow here commenced howling out a variety of excuses, among which, "Oh, I was drunk, sure; I was drunk. Never more, never more," were most intelligible. Mr. Cooke: You have committed a most impudent assault, and it is fortunate for you that the complainant has not received any injury from it, or I would have punished you severely. You must pay 10s. or go to prison for seven days with hard labour. Prisoner: Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, but he could not raise the amount required, and went off to prison in the van.

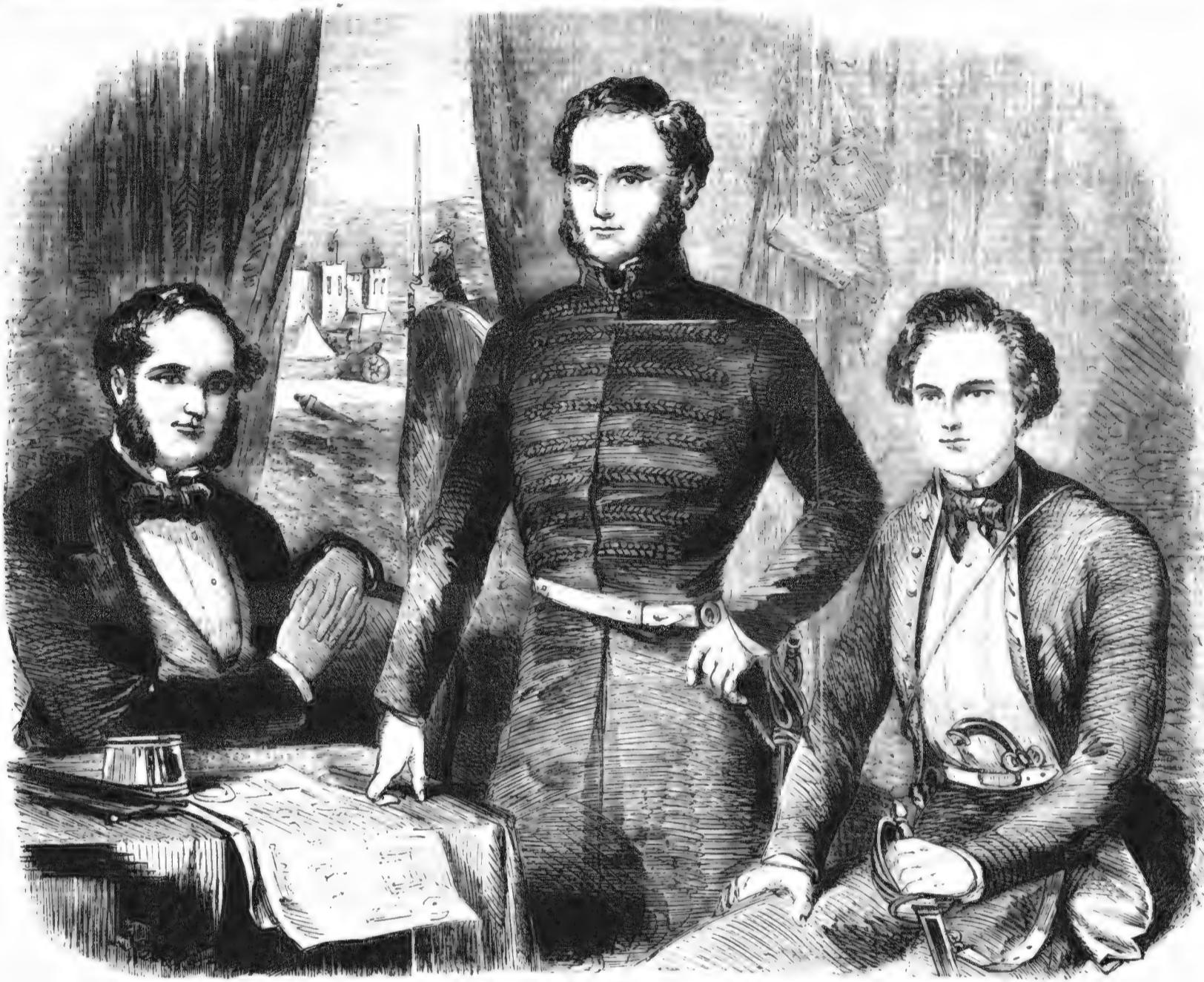
THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF BURGLARY.—John Williams, a young man, who described himself as a cofferer, and refused his address, was brought up on remand before Mr. Paget, charged with feloniously and burglariously breaking into the Stepney Grammar School, Tredegar-square, Stepney, and stealing a gold pin, three coats, eight waistcoats, seven silk handkerchiefs, four pairs of trousers, ten shirts, one cap, and two scarves, valued at £15, the property of Mr. Henry Vallance, the drill-master of the school. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that on the morning of the 14th of July, at a few minutes to four o'clock, he was disturbed by the barking of his dog under his window. He got out of bed, went into an adjoining room, and found everything correct. He went off to sleep, and was again disturbed by the barking of his dog at twenty minutes before five o'clock. He got up and upon going into the room discovered the premises had been entered by burglars, and ransacked from the room the whole of the property above-mentioned. He partially dressed himself, and hurried towards the Mile-end-road, where he saw the prisoner and two other men a short distance before him. They separated on seeing him approach. Mr. Vallance pursued the prisoner, who was the bulkiest of the lot, and who ran down Regent-street on the south side of the road. The prosecutor called out, "Stop thief," and the prisoner was stopped by a labouring man. Mr. Vallance took him into custody, and detained him until he found a police-constable. The prisoner had on the following articles belonging to the prosecutor:—Four shirts, four waistcoats, a cap, a pair of breeches, and a pair of boots. Mr. Vallance locked up the house, and secured it in the usual manner on the evening of the 13th, at half-past six o'clock. When he returned from the station-house on the following morning he found the door open and window broken. The latch of the window was unfastened. George Birch, a police-constable, 25 H, said he found a man holding the prisoner, who was struggling, and took the prisoner into custody, and he said, "It's no use my saying anything, you have got me to rights this time." He found a house-breaking implement on the prisoner. He had been unable to trace the prisoner's confederates and the remainder of the property. Mr. Paget asked if the prisoner was known to the police, and the reply was in the negative. The prisoner would give no account of himself. Mr. Paget committed the prisoner for burglary and robbery.

PAINTING THE LILY.—George Tyler, the landlord of the Lily beer-house, Whitechapel, appeared before Mr. Paget to answer a charge made by Inspector Deady, of the H Division, for suffering drunkenness and disorderly conduct in his house. Police-constable Alfred Ead, No. 165 H, stated that between half-past eleven and a quarter to twelve o'clock on the night of the 16th of the present month there was a great disturbance in front of the bar of the Lily beer-house. There were forty persons there, and seven of them were drunk and fighting. The screams, shouts, and cries of "Murder" were dreadful. There was a mob of drunks collected outside. A man was lying on the floor of the beer-shop drunk. A woman, who was fighting and was mad drunk, shouted and blasphemed. Her hair was hanging about her neck. The landlord assisted him in getting the people out of the house. They came back again, and there was a repetition of the disturbance and more fighting. The landlord said he could not help the row, and could not keep them from fighting. The defendant said all his customers on the night in question were natives of Ireland, and "kicked up an Irish row." There was not an English person among them. Mr. Paget: What has that to do with it? English or Irish, the peace must be preserved. Inspector Deady: It is a very disorderly house. The defendant: I don't know. It is an Irish house, and I do a large trade among them. I am not sole to turn the people out. Mr. Paget: You are able to do it, and must do it. You are fined 40s and costs. The money was paid.

SOUTHWAKE.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN THE MINT THROUGH JEALOUSY.—John Frazer, a powerful-looking man, a labourer, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych for final examination, charged with attempting to murder Felix Sweeny, by striking him on the head with a pair of song, and stabbing him on the head and different parts of the body in a savage manner, on Monday evening, the 27th of last month. The injured man was for some time in a very dangerous state in Guy's Hospital, and this was the first time he was able to stand and give his evidence. His head was strapped up in several places, and he carried his left arm in a sling. On being sworn he said he lived with his wife and family in Old Justice-court, in Minster-street, Borough. The prisoner and his wife lodged in the upper part of the house. On Monday evening, the 27th ultmo, he was about to leave the court, when the prisoner rushed after him, and making use of a lighted oath, struck him on the head with a pair of song, which felled him to the earth. Before he could get up the prisoner struck him again, and then fell upon him and stabbed him in the face, neck, and other parts of the body, until he became insensible. When he recovered he found himself in the hospital, and he had remained there ever since. In cross-examination by the prisoner he admitted that he had been in the habit of being friendly with the prisoner's wife, and while he was at work he had gone with her to the public-houses and got drunk. He had been with her that evening, and he supposed the prisoner said him leave her. He, however, had never provoked the prisoner to attempt his life in such a manner. Oatherine M'Sweeney, an intelligent-looking girl, daughter of the prosecutor, said: On Monday evening, the 27th of June, she saw the prisoner come home, and as soon as he entered his room he had words with his wife. Her father was then about to leave the court, when the prisoner seized a pair of song, rushed after him, and knocked him down. While her father was on the ground, the prisoner took a white-handled peacock from his pocket, and cut her father on the face, neck, and body. She screamed out, and assistance came; and the prisoner was taken away. Her father was conveyed to the hospital. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said that the complainant was a wicked old man, as he had seduced his wife from work, the prosecutor took his wife out, and they went from public-house to public-house and got drunk. On his return home on the night in question he found them in such a position as left no doubt of their familiarity, and in the heat of passion he committed the offence for which he was charged. Mr. Woolrych fully committed him for trial.



COLONEL GREATHEAD AND HIS BROTHERS. (See page 110.)

Literature
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
 OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
 A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XIII.

LUCKNOW.—FROM AUGUST 9 TO 14.

THERE was really no end to the dangers the Britishers in garrison at Lucknow had to encounter. And as the days followed each other in slow succession the dangers increased rather than diminished.

But the capital doubt of August was uneasy expectation that the native troops which had remained so far faithful would give in. It was certainly true that, beyond loyalty and their own conscience, the natives had not much to sustain them in their fidelity. Treachery in them would meet with no reward, and meanwhile their life was not enviable. Every day their rations got worse and lighter, and this deprivation must to them have been greater, for the Indian race cannot stand short commons as can the British. Wish them, want is despair; and, therefore, it was despair in the midst of the Sepoy and other Indian troops in garrison with the British that we had to fear.

Then, again, many of the less noble of the troops had stood by the British flag from a conviction that it was unconquerable. Therefore, when men, whose fidelity hung on our supremacy, saw week after week pass away without the garrison receiving any aid from without, it can readily be comprehended that their fidelity sank with their trust.

The enemy were undoubtedly well informed of the half disposition to mutiny on the part of many of the troops; their information being daily procurable from the deserters who went over from the garrison. These desertions were of daily occurrence. It was but a drop from the top of an embankment, a run over a few yards of ground, and the deserter had changed his camp.

Therefore it was necessary to be on guard against every Indian who managed to get into the garrison, for he might be, not a deserter from the enemy, but a spy sent in to tamper with the troops. For instance, on the 9th, a Sikh came in by the Sikh battery. But, inasmuch as it had been marked that he had passed the enemy's outposts without a bullet flying after him, the belief at once took root that he had come in to try and induce the Sikhs to desert—consequently, the gentleman was put under British bayonets, and under those trusted arms he remained.

And it may as well be at once admitted that we did not keep the enemy quite out of the garrison—for, on the 10th, one of their mines, which we did not discover, was fired, sending sixty feet of our defences into smash.

Then, under a tremendous fire, in the enemy poured, and filled Mr. Johannes's house (frequently referred to) in next to no time.

But the English garrison might have been driven to the very last house, and it would have possibly held out, being hydraulically, as it were, so that each man formed the head-piece of the defence, and so that the place could not be called taken until every man in it was conquered.

So the enemy had to get out of Johannes's house even more quickly than they had entered it; and just as a plodding spider will day after day rebuild the web which was broomed away on the yesterday, our thin, gaunt, ragged, and, but for their cheerfulness, disreputable looking men, set to work to reconstruct the sixty feet of ruined defences.

And while part of the enemy were taking Johannes's house by storm, another portion were making an attack on the opposite side of the garrison; for these rascals were up to much of the science of warfare (it was the pluck which failed them), and knew that when you attack a man before and behind at once and the same time there is some chance for you—if you and your companions are mean enough for that kind of thing.

And to confess the truth, the enemy had pushed another mine right under Mr. Sago's house (on the other side), and when both saps took effect, doubtless the enemy thought the "English dogs" were unknocked.

They were not; but the effect of that second explosion carried Tim Fiat and Raggerty (Mrs. Raggerty's husband) clean out of the garrison and some yards towards the enemy.

Neither man was hurt, and both got back through the breach without damage.

What, you don't believe it? I refer you to Messrs. Smith and Elder, the Indian publishers, on Cornhill, E.C., and to page 101 of a "Staff Officer's Diary," in justification.

How could it be? do you ask. I am sure I do not know. I am aware, however, that not only once, but two or three times, a similar event occurred when other of the enemy's mines were exploded. What, it was extraordinary? I admit the assertion. But true, nevertheless.

And again, if it were not veracious, how came it that Tim and Raggerty were cheered so much on that same August 10. Not true? Ask Mrs. Raggerty, who, upon hearing of the circumstance, immediately screamed, "Dis luck—been anybody else, he'd been blown to bits." Not true? Ask Miss Skeggs, who fainted directly she had the shock given by Tim himself, and who after a time came to, gurgled, asked, "Oh, is he—is he not shook?" and then came quite too upon Tim remarking that he was "as right as a trivet" (whatever that may be), and committed herself to this benediction, "Babbly—ble—bles you!" She was so overcome that she spoke as though she had been—had been "indulging," as I believe the fair sex say when referring to feminine intoxication.

Says Tim to Tom Dobbles, apropos to his escape, "Blast if I ain't a lucky dog."

"Dog?" says Tom, without any animosity—but then it is hard to find all the trumps in your rival's hand—"dog? Oat you mean; for blow me sky-high, as I shou'd ha' been, if you ain't got nine lives."

Lucky—Tim did not know how lucky he was yet, for he did not know the value of that emerald of his; in fact, at this date he had no idea it was a precious stone.

Says Tim, meekly, in answer, "I think I'll go and talk a bit with Jessie."

So to Jessie he went, and the man's heart beat as though it was affected with "palpitations" as well as love, when she welcomed him with all the warmth her Scotch predilections would admit of.

"I'm right glad, lad," says Jess, "to see thee."

"Here also," says Spankiss, who has called upon Jessie to expound a little bit upon the Fisher and Maloney matrimonial project.

"Many thanks," says Tim; and then he looks down—for, among the many vagaries in which the power of love indulges, that of making a man look one fool and feel another, is but a too, too common quality.

But Spankiss was a woman of too much self-respect to permit an idiotic silence in her presence, so she launched out in her usual fine manner concerning her internal house arrangements. She had got to the tenth assurance that little Jerry was getting a finer and firmer lad every day in the week, when in came Mrs. Raggerty with a run.

"Our luck!" says she. "Raggerty lost the only handkercher he had when he was blown away. Knowned you was here, Tim. Now answer me this—was your handkercher blown away?"

"No, it warn't."

"Of course not," says Raggerty, who really and truly looked upon herself as an injured woman, and endeavoured to improve upon that same subject. She was still at it when the Lurcher arrived, pretending to be astonished at finding Tim there, though she was perfectly well aware he was nowhere else; and diagnosing Mrs. Spankiss with "such hypocrisy" to that extent that the Onumber felt she must either speak or die. The fact is, that let Suds strive all she could, respectful to the Lurcher for five minutes together she could not be—nay, it was only the knowledge that she looked after Obby with a great degree of care which enabled Mrs. Spankiss even to try and be civil to her.

"And how do you feel now, Mr. Tim?" says the Lurcher.

"Well," replies Tim, with a twinkle of the eye, "pretty well about as I did yesterday."

"Not shook?"

"Ha," says Skeggs; and then turning to Spankiss, she continues, "Why, mum, if we are to be blown about in this fashion, what shall we all do?"

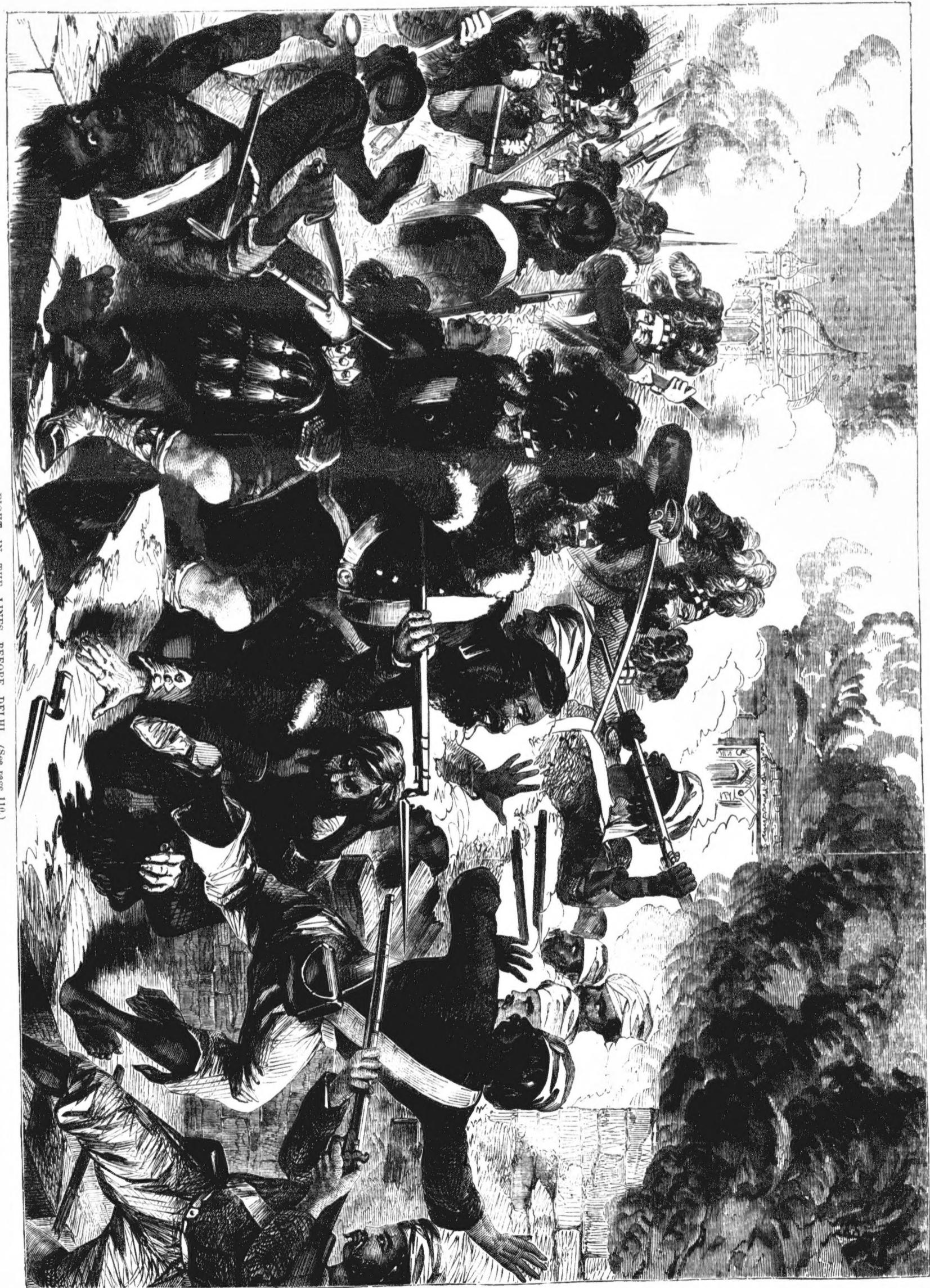
"The best we can—and make all tant," says Spankiss. "Do I know what I'm going to do—I'm going to wash in a jiffy."

"A what?" inquires Miss Skeggs, with great mildness.

"A jiffy."

"Oh, indeed! Well, you must know best, for you are accustomed to that sort of thing; but I should have said a tub was nearer the mark!"

"Ha!" says Spankiss, obviously taken aback for a few moments. Then grimly she grinned, and good humour was restored.



FIGHT IN THE LINES BEFORE DELHI. (See page 110.)

But the conversation had not begun to flow freely, when a red-coat appeared, and informed Tim that he was wanted. Tim was on his feet in a moment.

"Good day, Jess—and I'll call and see you to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad to see you," says Jessie, guardedly, and in a tone which really meant, "ye ken just suit yerself."

"Good day, Miss Skeggs," says Tim, who always uses the Lurcher's title when speaking to her before Jessie; and, nodding to Spankiss and Raggerty, he left the hut.

And now, the four women being left alone, I am afraid they began one of those scandalous feminine conversations for which the lower ladies of the army are celebrated. Perhaps Jessie did not join in much, but I am constrained to say that she did not enter her protest against anything that was said; though, let this credit be given her, that she smiled when Raggerty, who had been rippling up a reputation awfully, remarked, "But there, poor Sue, p'raps it's only her *luck*!"

And so the conversation ambled on, and it was at five o'clock that Jessie proposed a cup of tea.

Tea—the other three women were electrified—tea! They had no idea there was such a blessed thing in the garrison. The explanation was soon forthcoming. Scotch caution is proverbial, and Jessie had put away a quarter of a pound of best black in her waste-bag on the very day she left England. There it had remained till the grand night of the fight between Fisher and Tim, and also the night of the commencement of the massacre at Lucknow, when Jessie, also with Scotch precaution, took the bag with her to the scene of the encounter, with that vague notion of self-protection, in which even the weakest of women will indulge.

It had, therefore, come into garrison with her, and it was only when that great domestic comfort—the tea—was all exhausted, that Scotch caution, thinking over cups and saucers, remembered that quarter of a pound of black. It was a great discovery.

Now, Jessie was not Scotch to the extent of keeping that tea all to herself, and hence it resulted that she gave the very last tea party (and perhaps the first) which is chronicled in the siege of Lucknow.

Even Mrs. Spankiss and the Lurcher became quite amiable over the first cup, which was very weak and watery from an ordinary point of view, but of which its partakers are ready to assert that it was drink for goddesses.

And they were in the midst of that jubilant treat, when Tim charged in amongst the women with such vigour that you might have supposed the ladies were the enemy. And I grieve to say that his first act, most unconsciously done, was accidentally to kick that tea-pot of comfort, set on the floor (tables being unknown luxuries in garrison), into what he afterwards called "smitherens."

Not one of those women ever quite forgave him the tea-pot.

"Jessie—Jessie!" Then came the smash.

"Eh, mon—my puir tea-pot!" says Jess.

"Jess," Tim continues, "I'm a rich man. Twice I flinged it away, and Jum Pot, of the natives, put it back in my hut—and now it's worth £200."

"The lad," says Jessie, "has got a sunstroke."

"No, I've not, Jess; but I've got something better."

"What?"

"An emerald worth £200."

"Our luck," here said Raggerty,—who, like half a Niope, was two quarters all tears, and picking up the debris of the tea-pot. And I don't think it's worth while saving the pieces.

And, thereupon, Tim proceeds to tell her how he had twice flung away that "bit of glass" he had picked up at the sortie, and how he had found it "stuck up in his hut" twice afterwards, and how he was going to fling it away again, when "Bolar Karrh, the native jeweller in garrison," had told him it was worth £200.

"Well?" says Jessie.

"An' so I thought I'd come to you with it."

"Well?" says Jessie; while as for Miss Skeggs, she turns all manner of colours.

"Well, I thought p'raps—p'raps as you'd take care o' that emerald."

"Why should I?" asks Jessie, in the drier Scotch accent, while perhaps Raggerty and Spankiss are both enjoying the Lurcher's confusion.

"Because a woman's better able to take care of it nor a man is."

"Well," says Jessie, "I'll take care of it for ye, lad."

And, thereupon, the Lurcher went all manner of more colours. Now, indeed, she knew what jealousious was.

"And mind," says Tim, who has looked as though he was desirous of asking Jessie to take care of him, as well as his emerald—"mind, if I gets knocked over, that jule is yours, as I take all here to witness."

"Well, I'll look after it," repeats Jess; and thereupon, like all other women, she puts the valuable down the front of her dress, as though an ordinary, sensible pocket were not far more to the purpose.

"Ha," says Tim, "it's worth more now nor ever it was."

And thereupon Skeggs had one of her quiet faints, leaning back, shutting her eyes, and fetching her mouth together like a bite.

But here a shell bursting within ten feet of the quarters, the shock brought Miss Skeggs round, and thereupon the tea-party ended, Mrs. Raggerty, true to the last, saying it was her luck all over, or she would have got a second cup.

CHAPTER XCIV.

A VOLUNTEER FOR DELHI.

It may, perhaps, be cited as a proof of some courage on the part of the enemy that upon more than one occasion the barrels of our men's rifles were seized as they protruded through the loop-holes of the defences. Of course these rash men paid for their temerity with their lives. And it argues much for the English resistance that so few of our people stood out against such numbers of the enemy, in spite of their frequent bravery, and of the use of artillery whose ammunition appeared to be inexhaustible.

The heavy, solid shot was literally pounding the stronghold about the ears of the garrison, and it was on the 11th that this solid rain of metal at last brought down the Residency, that building in the grounds attached to which the English had gathered to defend themselves, and within which pile noble Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded.

After a swaying, noiseless movement, down came the good old house with a rum, and as the enemy cheered a cloud of dust rose up and veiled the rain for a few moments. Then came the hard work of turning over the ruins and getting out the dead and wounded—not many; for the building had already been all but deserted. Six men of the 3rd were in the building—only two of whom were got out alive.

Like its late occupant, the Residency had done its duty, and there it lay, honoured in its very ruins.

"Poor, dear house," says simple Mrs. Bunny, as Captain Smith's wife was, as you know, called in the 3rd, and then she turned back to another of her nibbling little children, who, by the way, died that very day.

The children were dying of slow starvation—of that want which, like consumption, once endured, is never got rid of. Months, even years may pass, but the time of the slow starvation will have its due, and the patient dies. I have often wondered how many are alive of the children who were at the siege of Lucknow, and died over the disaster. Not many, I am quite certain.

But whether children died, or Residences fell, the fight went on.

On August 11, the garrison had to endure a loss almost equal to

that of Sir Henry Lawrence. It has been said the enemy chiefly attempted to gain an entry by mining; the defence, therefore, in a great measure devolved upon the engineers—or rather, upon an engineer, Major Anderson, to wit. For upon that gentleman alone had depended the success of the counter mining.

This gentleman was a splendid example of the glorious value of work. Previous to the siege he had been ailing of a dwindling kind of fever, but immediately after the matinée broke out he rallied, and remained able to work for nearly three months, when, under the pressure of bad air and insufficient food, he left the defence to other men, and lay down on the 11th, and so died. And it is a proof of how little a chance of success the enemy had when it is remembered that though they strove to conquer by engineering work, and though we lost our only professional engineer, their hordes of sepoys were effectually kept beyond our boundaries. Certainly the resistance at Lucknow went far to support a certain false Indian magician's words—words to be referred to in another chapter.

And if other evidences of success were called for, the lighted straw experiment might be pointed at. On the English side, the watchwords were, "Siege fighting"—on that of the enemy permanent and equally stupid efforts were made to frighten our garrison. Stink-pots, wooden billets, gunpowder done up in wretched bits of canvas—all these schemes had been tried, and now, on August 12, came the lighted straw, which was pushed over in vast quantities from the ends of long bamboos.

The utter weakness of this stratagem was sufficiently shown in the inquiry made all over the garrison concerning it—the inquiry made by Tim Flat, as well as the rest. "Why, what do they mean by it?" asked Tim, the inquiry strongly reminding one of the remark of the big brewer when asked why he let his wife ill-use him, "It amuses her, and it don't hurt me."

And then, as though quite sure the lighted straw had frightened us, the enemy made a sudden dash at our defences. It was repulsed in a few minutes, and as we had reason to suppose the enemy was aiming towards the building known as Mrs. Sago's house, we determined to push out a mine as fast as possible, and continue working day and night, hoping to blow them up—in fact, the more the enemy strove, the greater became our will to strive against them.

Meanwhile, fight as we might, resist as we might, we heard nothing from without. The enemy's declaration—which for some days they put in force—to kill every human being who came from the garrison, had had the effect of paralyzing the courage of the natives in our garrison—our only available spies—for it need not be said that natives only could leave the stronghold. A white face would have been sure of instant death.

At last an old woman volunteered to go with a letter to Have-lock, and the document having been put inside a quill, away the aged messenger went, she being the twenty-third messenger who had left the camp with letters, and of whom only one had returned with an answer.

I believe the example this old woman set nerved Clive St. Maur to clench a resolve which had been floating about his head for some days.

Meanwhile, a messenger, or none—a resolve on the part of the baron, or none,—the fight, chieftly below ground, went on.

On the 13th, the day Clive quite made up his mind, a mine was completed under a house occupied by the enemy, and, being fired, the whole mass of building and those in it were in a moment destroyed. "And after the explosion," says an authentic report, "the groans of the sufferers were plainly audible."

All worked, even the ladies, who made new sand-bags out of old tents, those in use having been riddled through and through.

All worked—and the report that even the food for the castle grew short was accepted with cheerfulness. Your cheerfulness is a greater aid to longevity than any life pill ever rounded.

It was probably because August 14th was the quietest day the garrison had had since the commencement of the siege that the officers found time to talk. And on the 14th there was grave matter to talk about, for the rumour had spread, whence it was never learnt, that the English troops before Delhi had been annihilated. Had this rumour once gained firm hold of the minds of the natives in the garrison, there can be little doubt they would have turned upon us in the hope of propitiating our enemy in their favour.

"If," said the brigadier, "an Englishman could but leave here, reach Delhi, and return with good news, the native pluck, what there is of it, could still be kept up. But if we don't receive some good news and soon, why, we shall have to look sharper even than we have done."

"Well, brigadier," said Clive, "here is your English messenger."

"You?"

"Yes, I'm ready; I'll be off to-night. And if I can keep my life my own I'll be back in a week."

"Think of the danger, man."

"I do think of it. But I can disguise myself, and I speak the language of the up-country pretty well. Again, I don't hide that I have a selfish object as well as a public one in volunteering."

And the upshot of it all was, that that night Sir Clive St. Maur, dressed so that his own wife would not have known him, dropped over the earth-work, and stood within six yards of the enemy.

CHAPTER XCV.

AT AND ABOUT DELHI.

PERHAPS it will be well to offer the public the portraits of some of the heroes of Delhi, and in that belief we publish this week the portraits of the three Greatheads, known before Delhi as the "heroic trio." Here there is no space to give the particulars of the lives of these three really great men. But they serve admirably to exemplify that wilful face which is associated with the determination not to be conquered. Examine the "heroic trio," and then ask yourselves the question, "Could these men be conquered by aught else than death, or madness?" They are the type of many of the men who preserved India to England in 1857-58.

The fight against Delhi went on surely, but the last sortie from Delhi had not yet been made. It were difficult to describe these sudden sorties. The city gate opened, out poured some thousands of men, and before one cannon could be pointed they were in our lines. The object of these encounters was never seen; for they always failed. Unless, indeed, it was to reduce our numbers at any cost to the enemy, they being present in tens of thousands, and their Indian rulers caring no more for their lives than we for those of flies—perhaps not so much; it being one of the disadvantages of caste to produce mercilessness.

Our engraving, "A Fight in the Lines before Delhi," gives a far better idea of these hand-to-hand encounters than I can print.

But through them all we drew nearer and nearer to Delhi. It was from such a fight in the lines as we depict that Barty Sander-son brought out a wounded companion on his back.

"My heart," said McCormack, "they might say ye made a shield o' the man to save yerself."

"I could not carry the man in my arms, Sergeant McCormack."

"Then 'twould ha' been mair discreet to leave the man in the trench, and have just avoided scandal."

"Hoot!" says Barty. "When ye was in love yerself, did ye not feel a brother to all men? And is for being a shield—the enemy never fires straight, so there's jist no o'opening for scandal."

Nor was there—and Mrs. McCormack gave Barty such an approving nod of the head, it was quite English; and, when he was sent out with his company that same evening, to intercept a convoy of the enemy's, she gave him three touches for luck.

That evening the enemy possibly wondered what was the matter in the English camp; for, at about eight o'clock, there was such a roar of delight as made many a man in Delhi shiver in anticipation of what was coming.

Now, the roar in question was the welcome given to forty barrels—not of English gunpowder, but of English porter; and, though the enthusiasm was somewhat damped by the doubt whether it were not poisoned—for these barrels composed part of the convoy against which Barty's company, amongst others, had been sent out, and it was quite incomprehensible how the enemy came to be paying attention to forty barrels of a liquor which they could or would no more drink than attempt to fly—enthusiasm there was to a degree.

Anyhow, there the beer was, and its presence (capital beer, as it turned out) has remained a standing puzzle to Anglo-Indians to this day.

At about nine, just before first post, another great roar on the part of the English startled Delhi for the second time.

It was the reception of the information that Delhi was to be attacked in eight-and-forty hours.

And then the army before Delhi were start'd into a just comprehension of the work before them by the sudden dismounting and disarming of the native irregular cavalry.

The report of the coming assault had been purposely spread by the commander to observe its effect upon the irregulars, who were already suspected of treason. They betrayed their alarm, and ten minutes afterwards they were horseless, armless, and driven out of the camp.

So it is in war time—acts march as though time were not.

The commander, addressing those who had assisted in this operation of disarmament, thus delivered himself:—"Officers and men—If we do not assault the city within forty-eight hours, I promise you that the time is not far off when the English flag will once more wave over Delhi."

Another roar, and there was an end of enthusiasm for the time.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW WORKS.

POPULAR APPEAL IN FAVOUR OF A NEW VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURE. Perth: G. Sidney, Post-office.—The author of this pamphlet, the first part of which is before us, says:

"The demand for an improved version of Scripture in our native tongue is daily increasing—it began with those who understood the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; but so many books and articles of a public kind have been written, calculated to excite others, who do not understand Hebrew and Greek, to desire a new version of Scripture, that this is like the circle of waves set in motion on the bosom of a placid lake, by a stone cast into it, goes on and on expanding. It has now assumed such proportions, that it is advisable some of the important elements at work, and which will be brought into operation, should be discussed in a popular manner."

The author then proceeds to give an interesting account of the translation of the English version of the Bible, and then very elaborately gives a new translation of the fourth Psalm; and we certainly endorse the author's words when he says that objectors would find "in the fourth Psalm as herein translated and explained, a soul-elevating power, and encouragement to wrestle with God in prayer, that are not to be found in the authorized version of it."

LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR, Parts III and IV. By HENRY MATHEW. London: Charles Griffin and Company, Stationers' Hall-court.—Having treated so elaborately of the costermonger and the various grades in that line in Parts I and II (previously noticed), Mr. Mathew, in Parts III and IV, enters minutely into the general class of street sellers, and their name is legion. Not a class seems unrepresented in these pages; and their pursuits, average earnings, and minute details of capital and profit, are all laid down in such a readable way, that we are led on, almost in wonder, from page to page. Indeed it would be difficult to tire over these two numbers. Every page gives us something interesting, and we heartily wish the work may continue and increase in its circulation, and be a means of directing the attention of the philanthropist more especially to the wants of the London poor.

ENGLAND'S BARDS. London: Day and Son, Lithographers.—Although this gratuitous little work comes before us in the shape of an advertisement, issued by the well-known manufacturers of Thomson's crinoline, it is not the less worthy of being read. That the sonnets are far above the usual merit of such productions may be readily surmised, from the fact that the firm paid a hundred guineas as a prize for the three best compositions, heading their announcement with "Ho, for a Shakspeare!" The judges were B. Webster, Esq., J. Sterling Coyne, Esq., Andrew Halliday, Esq., George Rose, Esq., and Thomas Sturti Sturts, Esq. There are two illustrations to the sonnets—Queen Elizabeth in the costume of Shakspeare's time, and the Queen of Beauty.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

We have at length had a little rain in the suburbs of London, but it has only been sufficient to give vegetation a little fresher appearance. The ground is still hard and parched, while the blight has covered nearly the whole of the growing crops.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Where blight has taken possession of beans, peas, &c., and the caterpillar of cabbage, it would be best to clear the ground at once, and make up a fire with them, scattering the ashes over the surface. A little manure over this, and then, taking advantage of the first shower, proceed with all speed to trench in the ground for winter crops of broccoli, Brussels sprouts, and other greens of all kinds. A few early carrots may be sown to stand the winter. Give celery plenty of water. Sow green-curred endive, also lettuce and onions for late use and autumn salads.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Fork the ground slightly round dahlias, mulch the ground with rotten manure, and trap earwigs by means of small pots on the top of the stakes. Climbing and trailing plants should be frequently gone over to keep them neatly trained. Continue to layer carnations and picotees, and advantage should be taken of dry weather to fertilise the various flowers from which seed is desired. Keep turf, gravel, and edgings of all kinds in proper order.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Look well to fruit trees, and should rains cause an additional growth of midsummer wood, it is advisable to delay the stopping or cutting back until the circulation of the sap becomes more languid. The leading shoots to be neatly trained, with sufficient space to allow the free exposure of their foliage to the light.

ANNE'S CHOICE.—A gentleman, in conversation remarked to President Lincoln, on Friday, that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago, and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."—*New York Standard*.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

MURDER IN SOMERS-TOWN.—SUICIDE OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.

On Monday afternoon, shortly after two o'clock, a discovery of a horrible crime was made in the vicinity of the terminus of the Great Northern Railway, at King's-cross, and which occurring as it has in the midst of a densely crowded population, spread like wildfire and created the most extraordinary excitement.

The scene of this terrible occurrence is Smith-street, Somers-town, one of the small thoroughfares running east and west between the Old St. Pancras-road and Brewer-street, near the Bull public-house. No. 15, Smith-street, a six-roomed house, was occupied by a carpenter, named James Brown, a man about forty-six or forty-seven years of age, who cohabited with a female (supposed to have been his wife) named Sarah Bishop, some years younger than himself. Brown occupied the two parlours and the back kitchen. The front kitchen was let off to an elderly female named Harriet Loader, whilst the first floor was occupied by a man and his wife named Townshend, and the mother of the latter, Mary Chappell, eighty years of age.

Shortly after two o'clock on Monday afternoon Thomas Woodrow, police-constable 165, whilst on duty near the Great Northern Railway Hotel, was asked to go to 15, Smith-street, as it was feared, from the smell in the house, that a woman had been murdered there. On going to the house he found the stench so great that the suspicions previously aroused became confirmed, and it appeared to come from the lower part of the premises, or back kitchen, occupied by Brown, which he found locked. Having been informed that the woman supposed to be his wife had been missing since the previous Tuesday, he went into the back yard, and succeeded in gaining an entrance by the window. The stench now became so frightful he could scarcely bear it, but proceeding to a coal-cellar in one corner, the door of which was not fastened, he opened it, and a woman's hand fell out. A sickening sight here presented itself. The body of a woman, in a dreadfully advanced state of decomposition, lay doubled up, while myriads of maggots, some an inch long, were seen issuing from a frightful wound in the head, and crawling all over the place. Woodrow at once despatched messengers to the police-station in Platt-street, and to Mr. Jackson, surgeon, of Brewer-street, who, accompanied by Mr. Inspector Gibson, of the 8th division, with Sergeant Cook, one of the detectives of the same division, promptly attended. The body of the woman was then dragged out of the coal cellar into the kitchen, when Mr. Jackson pronounced her to have been murdered. The whole of one side of her head was battered in, the orifice in the skull being sufficiently large to admit of a double fist being thrust into it. There appeared to be other marks of violence on the body, apparently by heavy blows from some blunt instrument, but in consequence of the advanced state of decomposition of the body, which was dressed, from the mere superficial examination made by Mr. Jackson at the moment he was unable to define their character. Inspector Gibson set on foot inquiries amongst the lodgers as to the conduct and character of the parties, and what had become of the man "Brown." This investigation elicited the fact that on the night of the previous Friday Brown and the woman Bishop had a fearful quarrel, and blows were heard and screams from her of "murder," but the same circumstance had occurred so frequently before that little or no notice was taken of it. Some time after all was quiet the street door was heard to open and close, and on the following morning Brown gave out that the female had left him and gone away. This accounted to the lodgers for her not being afterwards seen, and few or no inquiries were made. Brown, who went out early in the morning, returned home in the evening regularly as usual, and nothing particular in his manner was observed; but as he had no one to cook his Sunday dinner he accepted an invitation from his first-floor lodgers, the Townshends, to dine with them. He did so, and went out after dinner to meet his son, a youth of about sixteen, proceeding to call at Mr. Townshend's daughter's, a Mrs. Sarah Jones, with whose help he supped, leaving them with his son, to return home about a quarter before twelve on Sunday night. Having traced him thus far Inspector Gibson inquired where he worked, and as both the parlour doors were locked, whether he was likely to be out. He was informed that since Mrs. Bishop was supposed to have left him Brown invariably locked his parlour doors when he went out in the morning. Inspector Gibson then said, considering the discovery which had been made, he should feel it his duty to force open the parlour doors. This was nearly an hour after the finding of the body of the murdered woman. The front parlour door was then forced, and on entering the apartment the sequel to the horrible crime which had recently been brought to light was at once manifest in the discovery of the body of its perpetrator, suspended by a rope round his neck, and quite dead, from one of the folding-doors connecting the front with the back parlour. The instrument with which he had effected his own destruction appears to have been a girl's strong skipping-rope. He had placed the handle on the top nail of the hinge on the front parlour side, securely fastening it by closing the door on the rope as tightly as possible, and then by means of a slip knot round his neck must have thrown himself forward and thus become suspended.

The murderer had evidently determined on an official commission of the act of suicide, for, in addition to having taken off his coat and boots, which lay near him, he had taken off his necktie and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and the rope had made a very deep indentation into the front and sides of the neck, causing a most immediate strangulation. His attention had been called to the smell there was in the house during the Sunday, which he attributed to some uncooked meat Mrs. Bishop had left

when she went away. It is believed that when he entered the house on Sunday night that the stench affected him, and being, as he must have been, fully aware of the cause, and stung by remorse or fear that discovery could not be much longer delayed, he determined on perpetrating the double crime, and at once proceeded to put it into effect, although the tamable appearance of the bedding in the back parlour would indicate that it had been laid upon. It might, however, not have been made after the murderer quitted it on the Sunday morning.

Mrs. Townshend, the first-floor lodger, states that the way in which the discovery was first made was as follows:—Shortly before two o'clock, being in his dinner time, Brown's landlord called, as usual every Monday, for his rent, which was paid weekly, and was much astonished to find Brown out at such a time. On entering the passage he was at once struck by the extraordinary stench, and asked what they were about. He was then informed that it had existed, but not so badly, for the last two or three days, and being informed of the quarrel, and that Brown's wife had left him, and that he said it was a piece of meat that she had locked up, the landlord said it was something more than meat, and directed the policeman to be sent for. Mrs. Townshend states that on the night after the murder was committed, when Brown came home he asked her to let her little boy fetch him some beer, which he did, and he appeared very cheerful, and he then went to bed. On Saturday night when he came home he asked her and the old lady, Mrs. Loader, to have a drop of gin sent for, and he then said as he had no wife he must go out to dine on the Sunday, and she then invited him to dine with them. During dinner she remarked that it was a pity he and Mrs. Brown did not agree, and asked if he knew where she had gone. He replied no, but she was gone, and then said, "Don't call her Mrs. Brown any more, her name is Bishop." The conversation then dropped.

MURDER, AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

At Nottingham assizes, Richard Thomas Parker was indicted for the wilful murder of his mother, at Fiskerton, on Monday, the 28th of March last.

Mr. Boden, Q.C., and Mr. Bristow conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Sergeant O'Brien defended the prisoner.

The case, from the peculiarity of its circumstances and from the respectable position of the parties, created the greatest excitement, and the court and its approaches were densely crowded throughout the trial.

The prisoner is a butcher living at Fiskerton, a few miles from Southwell, and, although a married man, has for the last two years lived with his parents, and assisted his father in the management of a farm. The prisoner appears for some time past to have given way to habits of intoxication, on which occasions he was always remarkably violent and excited. Frequent quarrels resulted between father and son on such occasions, but when the son was sober they appear to have lived together happily. On Monday, the 28th of last March, the prisoner left home to go to Sheffield, saying that he should return in the evening. He did not return, however, until the Tuesday afternoon, when he was considerably the worse for liquor. He came into the kitchen, where his mother and a maid-servant were sitting, but was restless and excited, and refused to sit down. His father came in, and asked what the prisoner was going to do. The prisoner turned round, began to swear, shook his fist in his father's face, and was so excited that the servant went to a neighbour, one Mrs. Haines, for assistance. During the servant's absence another neighbour heard the father call the prisoner a rogue, a villain, and a thief, and tell him to leave the house. A scuffle appears to have ensued. The father, mother, and son were seen to leave the house and go into the garden, the father and son fighting and scuffling, and the mother endeavouring to separate them, and entreating the son not to strike his father. Mrs. Haines by this time had come, and joined with the mother in endeavouring to separate the combatants. Their efforts appear to have been successful, and the father went to the stable and the mother and son went into the house. The mother returned from the house immediately, and came to where Mrs. Haines was standing, and said, "Oh, dear! he's got the gun, and is going to shoot!" Mrs. Haines, seeing the prisoner at the window, about to shoot, ran away round a garden wall. The mother followed in the same direction; but before she had time to escape, the prisoner, from within the house, fired both barrels of the gun. At that time he was only sixteen feet from his mother and forty-four feet from his father, who was then standing against the stable. The first shot hit the mother on the head, tearing away the scalp, and inflicting severe wounds on the forehead, one shot even entering the brain. The second shot hit the father in the face; but, from the greater distance, the wound, though serious, was not dangerous. The mother fell insensible, and was carried into the house by some of the neighbours. The father went to the house, and in doing so met his son, who was leaving it. His father said to him, "What have you done it for?" To which the reply was, "You shouldn't aggravate me so." The prisoner then ran into the house of a Mrs. Burkett and fastened the door. He then said to Mrs. Burkett, "Don't split, I've shot my mother dead. Hide me." She said, "I can't hide you; I've nowhere to put you." The prisoner then ran away. Two men who were in pursuit saw him running along the bank of the river Trent, and succeeded in apprehending him. The prisoner said to them, "I know all about it. I'll give myself up. I have done it. It was a pure accident. Is my mother dead?" He was taken to Southwell Gaol. On his way there he once or twice asked if he was likely to be hanged, and said that if he were hanged he should die on the scaffold "like a — brick."

The jury retired and in a few minutes returned

a verdict of "Wilful murder," with a recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's being in liquor.

The judge: Prisoner, have you anything to say?

Prisoner: Yes, my lord. I am not guilty of murder. I had no intention to murder; it was an accident.

The judge: I quite agree with the jury. I firmly believe that you fully intended to murder your father as well as your mother. The recommendation of the jury I will forward to the proper quarter.

His lordship then passed sentence of death in the usual form, and the prisoner was removed.

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER"—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SAMARAPHILLA:—a tincture specially on the blood, and hence is the only medicine that has received the name of "The Blood Purifier." It clears the face and the body from all blackness and pustules, purges from the system the taunt of mercury, and gives new blood and life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and no sea captain or emigrant should be without it on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere. Chief Depot 181 Fleet-street, London. Important Caution: See that you get the blue and red wrappers with the old Doctor's head in the centre. None others genuine.—[Advertisement.]

BOW HELL'S.

A Weekly Magazine of General Literature. Part 21. Price Sixpence: Post-free 8d.

CONTENTS:

DOBY RIVERSDALE: A TALE OF SORROW. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S WORTH," ETC.

Illustrated by Palmer.

LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD: A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE KEEBLER," ETC.

Illustrated by Tawstree.

PICTURESQUE ENGLAND.—Cleveland Coast. The High-street Wells. Kenilworth Castle. Nons. The Town Hall, Leeds. The Royal Palace at Berlin.

ORIGINAL STORIES, COMPLETE. Illustrated: Zillah. Adventures of Night: A Chapter in Real Life. A Cruel Wrong: The Story of a Woman's Heart. Essays: HISTORICAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND DOMESTIC: The Post office. Agency of Man, &c. The Minds of Children. The Dungeons of Battalion.

ADVENTURES, NATIONAL CUSTOMS, AND CURIOS FACTS.

My Adventures in India (No. 2). A Texan's Walking Tour. Holywell, in Wales. My Adventures in India (No. 3). Photographing the eyes of Murdered Persons. My Adventures in India (No. 4). Notes on Natural History, &c.

THE FINE ARTS: ILLUSTRATIONS: An Italian Peasant Woman. Love's Young Dream. Bed Time. Old Customs.—St. Faith's Day.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLER: East Cowley. G.C.B. McNa. Paolo Lucca. Dr. Tait. Madame Lemire-Sherington.

THE LADIES' PAGE: General Literature.—Marriage. The Hair. Statistics of Marriage. Cookery for the Sick Room. Drinking. Family Duties. Advice to Young Ladies. The Two Flowers of Creation, &c. The Toilette and Ladies' Guide. The Work Table, with Numerous Designs.

THE FINE ARTS: ILLUSTRATIONS: An Italian Peasant Woman. Love's Young Dream. Bed Time. Old Customs.—St. Faith's Day.

Illustrated Title and Index to Vol. II.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

BEYNOLD'S MISCELLANY

OF ROMANCE, GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Part 193. Price 6d: post-free, 8d.

Illustrated with Numerous Wood Engravings.

CONTENTS:

THE WORLD'S VERDICT. BY VANE IRVING. ST. JOHN.

Illustrated by Tawstree.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS; OR, THE LOVE OF A WHOLE LIFE.

BY HENRY LEWIS. Illustrated by F. Gilbert.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE YOUTH, THE LOVER, AND THE POET.

A Romance of Three hundred Years Ago.

BY VANE IRVING. ST. JOHN. Illustrated by Tawstree.

THE TOCHER'S COMPANION. Illustrated by Prior.

THE TOCHER: A COMPANION. Illustrated by Prior.

XXVII: Persuasion and the "Land's End" No. No.

XXVIII: The Lake District (No. 1) No. XXXVIII:

The Lake Districts (No. 2) No. XXXIX: The Lakes of Killarney (No. 1). No. XL: The Lakes of Killarney (No. 2).

THE DAME-GRENAW WALL—Illustrated by Prior.

GENERAL LITERATURE. American Bazaar. Joseph Lequere: The Alligators of the Lake. Marrow Bones and Cleavers. The "Seven Stars" Story of a Kashi Woman. The Famine Tiger; or, The Travelling Mercier. My Last Adventures in South Africa. Miroza. Pig-Singing Extraordinary. Adventures with a Java Book-Snake. Take Your Wife with You. Sugar. The Girl in My Day. Small Annoyances. The Ghost of the Drowned Youth. A Night in the Philippines.

COMPLETE TALES: FANNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

The Prone Lady. The Red Cross; or, The Doom of the Courteaux. A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

The Thunder-Spirit. Katharine. A California Heroine. The Sign of the Cross. Charles Willett.

The Jealous Husband.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

DR. BRIGHT'S SPEEDY CURE.

THE BACHU GLOBULES, containing the

Essence of Copalba and Cubeba (free from tannin, being enclosed in sugar) for cure of gonorrhœa, gleet, scirrœ, and all diseases arising from infection &c., subduing all inflammatory action.

Price 1s. on application; or free by post, 1s. 6d. for stamps or post-office order.

Address, Messrs. H. and J. Dicks, 29, George-street, Hanover-square, London, W.

CONSULTATION from ten to one o'clock.

DR. BRIGHT'S POWER RESTORED in FOURTEEN DAYS, without the Possibility of Failure, by the use of

DR. BRIGHT'S GUARANTEED REMEDEY.

Prepared in the form of a Lotion to ensure success.

Sent carefully packed, in receipt of eleven shillings; free by post twelve shillings, for stamps or Post-office order, or on application.

Address, 44a Mandeville-street, Regent-street, W.

CONSULTATION DAILY, from ten to one o'clock.

THE SILENT FRIEND ON MARRIAGE.

190 pages, illustrated with engravings, price 1s., post-free.

thirteen stamps, sealed twenty, containing Prescription of Preventive Lotion. Make this invaluable work your Guide and Adviser for all Cases of Secrecy, resulting from the errors or

negligence of your doctor, or from infection &c., subduing all inflammatory

action.

Price 1s. on application; or free by post, 1s. 6d. for stamps or post-office order.

Address, 29, George-street, Hanover-square, London, W.

CONSULTATION DAILY, from ten to one o'clock.

THE INVIGORATIVE NERVINE.

THESSALON.—The most scientifically prepared and most

powerful nervine ever introduced; restores to their

normal condition all the secretions, on the integrity of which

perpetual deposites. It is a specific for debility of all kinds;

and, from its containing among other ingredients pessima and

phosphate of soda, will prove highly beneficial to the nervous and

weak, and female impotency.

Price 1s. per bottle, 7d. for quantities in the 250

mls. bottle.

Messrs. BADINGHAM and Co., 93, Oxford-street, W.C.

CONSULTATION DAILY, from ten to one o'clock.

THE UXORIANT WHISKIES and MUC-

TIC TACHES.

My formula forces them to grow heavily in six

weeks, upon the smoothest face, without injury to the skin, and

a sure remedy for baldness: 18 stamps. A. FOX, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

Mr. FOX's celebrated Hair Wash Formula, for removing

scurf and earing the hair, 7s. 6d.

The jury retired and in a few minutes returned

A S A MEDICINE long highly esteemed for the cure of Indigestion, Headache, Rheumatism and Aches and Pains, and Diseases of the Liver and Spleen. COCKLE'S PILLS, made of the best and most approved ingredients, and may be had of all Medicine-vendors, in boxes, at 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 1s. 11s.

V GUESDON'S CURE, or Sugar-

coated Capsules, cure with certainty in a few days rheu-

matic and chronic diseases. Recommended by the most approved physi-

cians in Europe. It is free of mercury or capsicums, so injurious to health. 4s. 6d. per box; free by post, as is and is sold by the Inventor, W. GUESDON, French and Pharmacological Chemist, 47, Gerrard-street, Soho, London.

B LICHEN AND Liver Complaints, Indigestion

Sticks and Aches, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness

Spasms, and all Disorders of the Mouth and Bowels, are quickly

removed by this well-known remedy. FRANK-PEP'S PILLS OF HEALTH.

Illustrated with the description of the preparation with the most successful effect, and where an apertient is required nothing can be better.

Sold by all Medicine-vendors. Price 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

BRODIE'S SPEEDY CURE.

BRODIE'S GOLD-COATED PILLS, taste-

less, free from mercury, are the safest and most speedy

cure in all stages of secret disease, and one's dose will be

